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The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn

A Cipher Drama

Fr. Bacon

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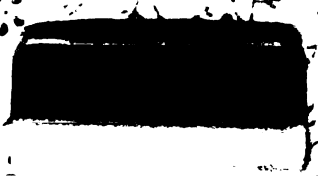

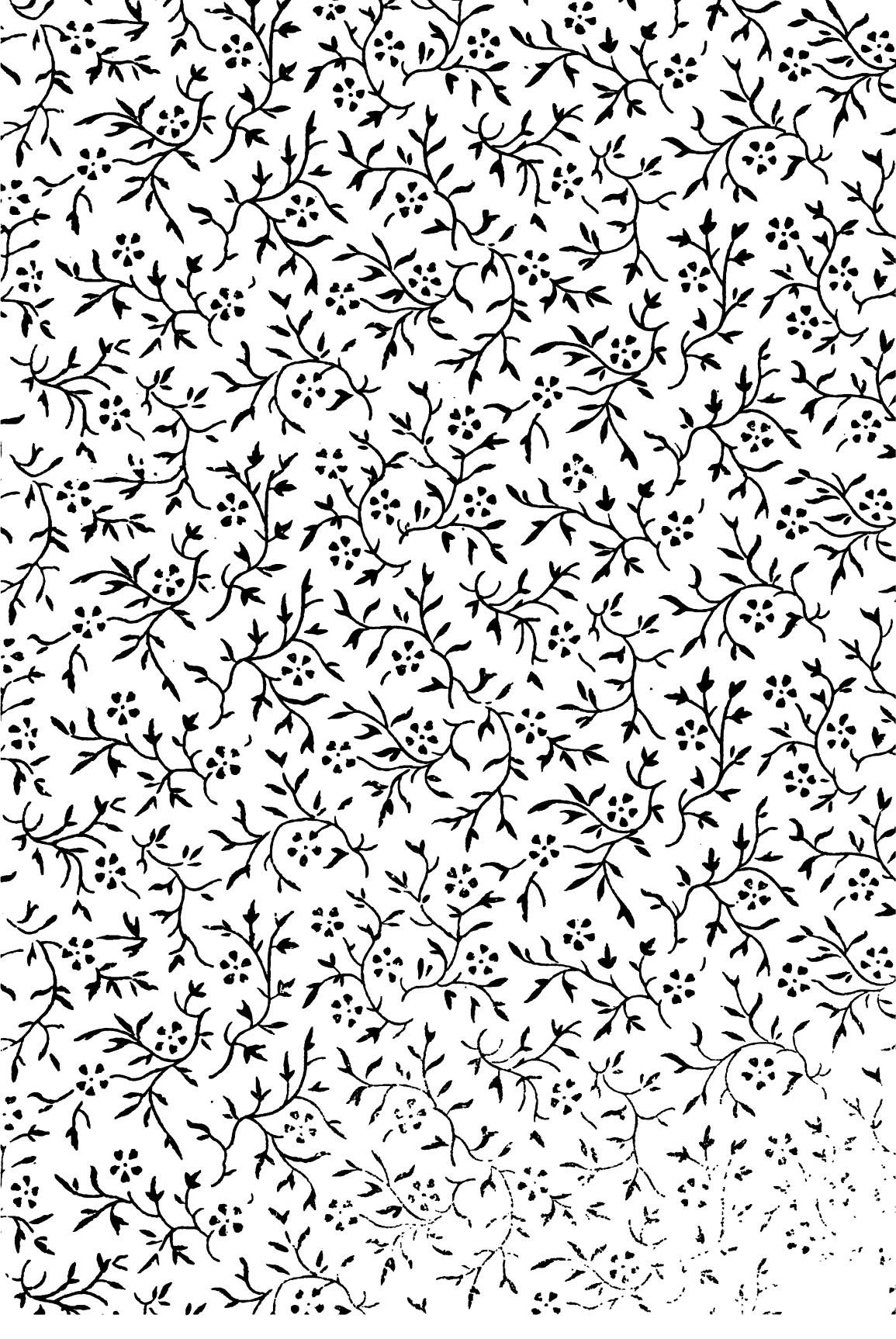

Fr. Bacon

THE

TRAGEDY OF

ANNE BOLEYN.

A DRAMA IN CIPHER

FOUND IN THE WORKS OF

SIR FRANCIS BACON.

DISCOVERED BY

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP.

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PART I

FRANCIS BACON'S

BI-LITERAL CIPHER

THE DECIPHERED SECRET STORY

From Original Editions in British Museum

1579 to 1590.

NOTE.

This part of the *Bi-literal Cypher* is placed here as introductory to the Tragedy, being explanatory of the Cipher inventions at their inception. The continuation of the Bi-literal, as deciphered—from 1590 to the end of Bacon's career—will be found in the Second (limited) Edition of *The Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon*.

A Third Edition, embracing all the Bi-literal that has been deciphered, is issued simultaneously with this First Edition of *The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn*.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THIRD EDITION.

The publication of the second edition of the *Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon,* which embraced the period of his Cipher writing between 1590 and the end of his career, emphasized the importance of finding the earlier writings —preceding 1590. The old books necessary to the research could not be procured in America, and during the summer of 1900 Mrs. Gallup and her assistant, Miss Kate E. Wells, visited England to carry on the work in that treasure house of early literature, the British Museum. The investigations yielded rich returns, for in Shepheard's Calender of 1579 was found the commencement of what proved to be an important part of Bacon's life work.

Following Shepheard's Calender, the works between 1579 and 1590, so far deciphered, are:

Araygnement of Paris, 1584; Mirrour of Modestie, 1584.

Planetomachia, 1585.

Treatise of Melancholy, 1586. Two editions of this were issued the same year, with differing Italics. The first ends with an incomplete cipher word which is completed in the second for the continued narration, thus making evident which was first published, unless they were published at the same time.

Euphues, 1587; Morando, 1587. These two also join together, with an incomplete word at the end of the first finding its completion in the commencement of the Cipher in the second.

Perimedes the Blacke-smith, 1588; Pandosto, 1588. These two also join together.

Spanish Masquerado, 1589. Two editions of this work bear date the same year, but have different Italicising. In one edition the Cipher Story is complete, closing with the signature: "Fr., Prince." In the other the story is not complete, the book ending with an incomplete cipher word, the remainder of which will be found in some work of a near date which has not yet been indicated.

Several months were spent in following, through these old books, the thread of the concealed story until it joined the work which had already been published. Overstrained eye-sight, from the close study of the different forms of Italic letters, and consequent exhaustion on the part of Mrs. Gallup, compelled a cessation of the work before all that would have been desirable to know concerning that early period was deciphered; and while these are not all the works in which Cipher will be found, between the years 1579 and 1590, they are sufficient unmistakably to connect the earlier writings with those of later date which had already been deciphered—as published in the *Bi-literal Cypher*—so that we now know the Cipher writings were being continuously infolded in Bacon's works, for a period of about forty-six years, from the first to the last of his literary productions, including some matter he had prepared, which was published by Rawley subsequent to 1626.

These few pages of deciphered matter, now added to that published in the Second Edition, have a unique distinction in the costliness of their production, but they are of inestimable value, historically, as well as from a literary point of view, in demonstrating with certainty the scope and completeness of the Cipher plan which has so long hidden the secrets of a most eventful period.

FRANCIS BACON'S BI-LITERAL CYPHER.

SHEPHEARD'S CALENDER. 1579.

DEDICATION BY "E. K." 1579. ATTRIBUTED TO ED. SPENSER, 1611.

E. K. wil bee found to be nothing lesse then th' letters signifying th' future sov'raigne, or *England's King.* Th' present Queène, purely selfish in all that doth in a sorte make for proper, tho' tardie recognition of that true prerogative of roiale bloud, doth most boldly and co'sta'tly oppose with h'r argume'ts th' puny effort in our cause which hath most disprov'd abilitie to uphold our true and rightful (but at this present time, very little seene or onely partlie ghest) clayme to roiall pow'r. In event o' death of her Ma.—who bore in honourable wedlocke Robert, now known as sonne to Walter Devereux, as wel as him who now speaketh to th' yet unknowne aidant discypherer that wil open the dores of the sepulcher to break in sunder the bonds and cerementes of a marvaillous historie,—we the eldest borne, should, by the Divine right of a lawe of God made binding on man, inherit scepter and thron'.

Lest most vilde historie have no penne so bolde as to write out some daungerous matter' that have of late beene layd bare to us, we have made search for anie such secret mode of transmission as might conceale this whollie, yet in time, or it may chance ere long, chose the readers. Fayling in this, as all our existing meanes have alwaie[a] like sorte of keie held by each interpreter, wee devis'd two Cyphars now us'd for th' first time, for this saide secret historie, as cleere, safe, and undecipherable,—whilst containing th'

keyes in each which open the most important,—as anie device that witholdeth th' same. Till a discypherer finde a prepar'd, or readily discover'd, alphabet, it semeth to us a thing almost impossible, save by Divine gift and heavenly instinct, that he should bee able to read what is thus reveal'd.

It may, percha'ce, remaine in hiding untill a future people furnish wittes keener then these of our owne times to open this heavilie barred entrance-way and enter the house of treasure. Yet are we in hourly terror least th' Queene, our enemie at present, altho' likewise our mother, be cognisant of our invention. It is for good cause, therefore, that our worst feares cling to us so consta'tly that our intention is alter'd, and the cheefe Cyphar be not heerein set forth in such manner as was meant.

FR. B.

THE ARAYGNEMENT OF PARIS. 1584.

GEORGE PEELE.

By usi'g our Word Cyphar heere, our labours are greatlie increast. Wittes must be keen in a like search—waiting also, at other seasons, as a warie mind must oft to get th' game, yet making noe noyse in his rejoyci'g over th' great discoverie. Wee write in this constant dread least our secret history may be found and sette out ere we be safe ev'n fro' th' butcher's deadlie axe, and make manie a shift sodainely for saftie. Be not then caste downe if there be much that is promist you for which you shal long hunt vainlie, since we have so oft bene seyzed with violent feare of that which might arise thence. The', manifold times, our tho'ght sodainely changeth answer therto. But it wil in due time bee related wholly. Safety should arise, no

lesse then knowledge, from time's passage. Our mother can hardly be immortall.

It is also true that increast writi'gs greatlie lessen our chaunces of losse; for when portio's are widelie scattered, as herein, most shal see but Latine and Greeke in diverbs of rare worth, nor see our free use of great Virgill's vers', translated in the schools, and the more wondrous Homer, his poemes. Their eies rest on our Cyphar, yet to divulge th' secret is not in th' power of any that live at present; for it is yet in meere infancy and none recognise th' forme and features that it is at length, wee doubt not, to donne, as it commeth to height of developed body.

In sorrowe we set wordes herein; we know not their fate nor ours in a future near or farr, for we are in truth th' luckles Prince of Wales, whome, alas, wit no way o' safe escape hath taughte, if it bee not in hiding wel our marvaillous storie, in order to communicate it to some distant friends, whose loialtie—to princes of a rank such as ours—may serve, at God's morn of aidance, as e'courageme't. By uniting many pow'res—such lofty endevou' for perfecting th' knowledge that is in the world, joined also with a strife for th' elevation, in all kingdoms under heaven, of this whole people—th' Divine wil or planne doth perchance have full swaie: for when mankinde shall bee given wisedome in so great fullnes, idle courtiers may find no true use of subtile arts. We ourself hate, with princely hatred, artes now exercised to keepe th' vanitie of our regall parent glowing like fire, for God hath laid on that head a richer crowne then this diademe upo' her brow, yet wil she not displaie it before all eies. It is th' rich crowne of mothe'-hoode. Our true title is

PR. OF WALES.

THE MIRROUR OF MODESTIE. 1584.

ROBERT GREENE.

For our latest booke, it will, at first, seeme probable to our disciph'rer, one part doth lacke here—a part that had created, as it were, some secret world into which the unseing can by noe meanes e'ter. Our discoverer, whose sight lookt through all th' disguises, hath bin fro' th' first familiar with a most secret, as it is most dangerous, confession that is so framed it hinteth th' strange things it would relate, hath also seene in these letters two kinds necessarie to the Cypher, and will teach this discipherer our designe,—wee having invented two excellent waies of co'cealing in our workes a secret so dangerous it would at once cost life, fame, fortu'e—all that wee hold deare.

We are firstborne to th' soe-called virgin that governeth our realme, Queene Elizabeth. In event of the abdication or death of the Queene, wee this sonne,—Francis, Prince of Wales,—inherit this throne and this crowne, and our land shall rejoice, for it shall have a wise soveraigne. God e'dued us with wisedome, th' gift granted in answer to Salomon's prayers. It is not in us aught unmeet or headie-rash to say this, for our Creatour onlie is prais'd. None will charge here manifestation of worldly vanitie, for it is but th' pride naturall to mindes such as we injoye, indeed, in common with all youthfull roial pri'ces. If it should bee wanting, then might all men saye wee lack'd th' very essence of a roiall or a ruling spirit, or judge that we were unfit to raigne over mightie England. It is onely one of our happie dreemes of a day to come, that doth draw us on to build upon this grou'd, inasmuch as it shall be long, perhaps,—if soe bright a daye dawne,—ere we shal bask in his sunny rayes. Even now, th' mother who

might proclayme our succession doth scarcely keep us in her imployment. At no time doth a love for her two sonnes so move her, as to lead her, a queene by inherited right, to do as her roiall pare't had providently done, or to declare the succession should be to her right heyres by a just union with that wel markt sutour, Robert D.

Fine mindes as ours cannot suffer this fortune without making anie attempte to recover by skillfull meanes th' fame, if not th' honour, which unkind fates have taken away from us. Wee fain would write workes most lofty in their style, which, being suited as well to representation upon th' stage as to bee read in libraries, may soe go foorth and so re'ch manie in th' land not as wise, mayhap, in knowledge, yet as great as others in loialtie and in fierie spirit. If that deficiency be in a measure filled in our realme, this labour in coming yeeres wil surely bee of benefit, although it bee unknowne for a long season what is the cause and ultimate designe, and, in the end, our new inventio' wil excell this as a mode of transmitting all matters of a secret or delicat' nature. It requyreth more time in preparation, since pains must necessarilie be used least the keyes bee lost in giving the parts locatio' that altereth th' sense. As naught else was intended when our original designe was fourm'd,—a change of that which shal bee imparted in this way,—the hidden epistle thus safely preserv'd from th' wrackes of time's floode, can bee understood as importa't to our people of Brittain, even as to us, for 'tis their own roiall Prince, who, sufferi'g such wrongs, can patie'tlie beare th' silent houres noe longer, though life should ever hang in the balance for th' rashnesse.

One thing doth somewhat encourage our young faith in enjoyment heereafter of our kingdo'e; that is, our advice from a friend whose wise counsaile hath long bin aidante and comforting. It is to this effect: That in age is a sense of dutie most felt, as is made plaine in freque't marked

examples of tardie restorations—late in life—many examples of a deathbed arousing a man, his dormant conscience, to such sense of justice, that all wrong, i' his power to see rectified, in wisedo'e have beene righted. Wee therefore have beene in hope of our winni'g this inherita'ce in due time. We know how wearie, ever, is hope deferr'd. In th' Holy Booke of th' Scripture it saith: "Hope deferr'd maketh the heart sicke."

Bee not, however, of opinion our hope is immediately to become England's King. Wee request but our naturall right: that we be declar'd the true heyre as the first borne son to our Queene, borne to her in honourable marriage with Robert D.; the Prince o' Wales whyles our parent be livi'g, but the propper souveraigne with name and stile quite disstinct fro' others—English kings having soe farre had no Francis on th' scrowl that co'tayneth their worthy Christian names—in proper course o' time, as other that were princes have had fortune before this in our realm.

Th' earliest shews of favour of this roial mother, as patronesse rather than parent, were seene when she honor'd our roofe so farre as to become th' guest of goode Sir Nicholas Bacon—that kinde man wee suppos'd our father then, as well wee might, for his unchangeable gentle kindnesse, his consta't carefullnesse for our honour, our safetie, and true advancement. These become marked as th' studie that wee pursew'd did make our tong sharp to replie when shee asked us a perplexing question, never, or at least seldome, lacking Greeke epigram to fit those shee quoted, and wee were ofte bro't into her gracious presence. It liveth, as do dreemes of yesternight, when now wee close our eies—the statelie moveme'ts, grace of speech, quick smile and sodaine anger, that oft, as April cloudes come acros the sunne yet as sodainly are withdrawn, fill'd us with succeeding dismay, or brim'd our cup immediately with joy.

It doth as ofte recur that th' Queene, our roiall mother, sometimes said in Sir Nicholas' eare on going to her coach: "Have him wel instructed in knowledge that future station shal make necessary." Naturally quick of hearing, it reaching our eares was caught o' th' wing, and long turned and pondered upon, but we found no meaning, for all our witte, no whisp'red woorde having passed th' lippes of noble Sir Nicholas on the matter. It was therefore long ere we knew our birth roial, and th' fond love of both foster parentes was restrainte and staye to our young spirit when the wild and fierie tempest sodainelie brast upo' us. This dread force would otherwise have ruined, wasted and borne us adrift like a despoil'd harvest.

In course of time, in a horrible passio' of witles wrath, th' revelation was thus flasht, like as lightning, upon us by our proude roial parent herselfe. We were in prese'ce—as had manie and oftentimes occurr'd, Que. E. havi'g a liking of our manners—with a nomber o' th' ladies and severall of the gentlemen of her court, when a seely young maiden babled a tale Cecill, knowing her weakeness, had whispered in her eare. A daungerous tidbit it was, but it well did satisfy th' malicious soule of a tale-bearer such as R. Cecill, that concern'd not her associate ladies at all, but th' honour, the honesty of Queene Elizabeth. Noe sooner breath'd aloude then it was hearde by the Queene, noe more, in truth, then halfe hearde then 'twas avenged by th' enraged Queene. Never had we seene fury soe terrible, and it was some time that wee remayned in silent, horror-strook dismaye, at the fiery overwhelming tempest. At last—when stript of al her fraile attire, the poor maid in frightened remors' lay quivering at Queene Elizabethes feet, almost depriv'd o' breath, stil feeblie begging that her life be spar'd nor ceasi'g for a mome't till sense was lost—no longer might we looke upon this in silence; and bursting like fulmin'd lightning through the waiting crowde of the

astonished courtiers and ladies, surrou'ding in a widening circle this angry Fury and her prey, wee bent a knee cravi'g that wee might lifte up the tender bodie and bear it thence. A dread sile'ce that foretels a storm fell on the Queene for a space, as th' cruell light waxed brighter and th' cheeke burnt as th' flame. As the fire grew to blasti'g heat, it fell upon us like the bolt of Jove. Losing controll immediatelie of both judgement and discretion, th' secrets of her heart came hurtling forth, stunning and blasting the sense, till we wanted but a jot of swooning likewise. Not onely did wee believe ourselfe to be base, but also wee beleeved the angry reproaches of such kinde as never can bee cleared awaie, for she declar'd us to be the fruit of a union of the sorte that is oft lustfull and lascivious—the secret; and in suppressing th' name of our father, she did in very truth give us reaso' to feare the blot of which we speake.

When, however, Ladie Anne Bacon, hearing th' tale which wee tolde, made free and full relation how this secret marriage with th' Earle, our fonde sire,—whom we knew little and lov'd not more then was due,—was consumated, it greatlie excited our imagination, so that we wrote it downe in a varietie of formes, and intende the use, both as one part of her history relating closelie to our owne, and as suited to representative historie that may bee acted on our stage.

The preparatio' that must naturallie be made, can bee wel understood to be much greater, inasmuch as it must be secret as the grave; but it can yet bee accomplish'd, if time be granted to carrie out our Cyphars as devis'd. Seeke, in th' kind of letters now us'd, for one more secret storie: after disciph'ring the same, then look onely to the Italicke pri'ting.

F.

PLANETOMACHIA. 1585.

ROBERT GREENE.

With great and patie't perseverance, unending, resolute labour, such as you shall also shew at eventide and at morne if you winne lawrells,—or finde a cyphar none will have the honour or th' favour to employ, asuredlie, for a short periode,—this work is dutifully persued for our advance-me't. As all may know, in time, the reason why 'tis yet hidden history of our present time and a time not very far fro' th' present, doubt not, our title to England's throne must soone bee known.

Althoug' a life, no other then our mother's, removi'g our naturall claym yet another degre, must keepe us still subject to the uncertaine duratio' as well as the fortune of one other being beside our owne selfe, we have faith in our sire, who, whilst now hee loveth his peace, and quiet enjoiement of th' roiall kindnese soe much no love of his offspring is manifest, hath in his naturall spirit that which yet might leade to a matching of a roiall spouse 'gainst the princes, that a ballance may be maintayned. Hee is, it wil no doubt bee remembered, the Lord Robert Dudley, Earle of Leister, whom our historie so oft nameth. Hee who beareth likewise the titles of Baron of Denbigh, Master of th' Queene's Majestie's Horse(s), of th' Order of th' Garter, her Highnesse' Privie Councilour, et cætera, in affectio' nor in honours no way doth see a lacke on the part of a woman, who, in ascending the English throne, did, like a common mayden of her realme, hide those secret counsells in her owne faire bosome. Aye, few ghest that her suitour was her wedded lord.

In truth, had not our farre seeing sire exercised more then the degree that was his wont, or his privilege, of au-

thoritie, Elizabeth had rested contente with th' marriage ceremony perform'd in the Tower, and would not have asked for regall, or even noble pompe—with attendants and witnesses; nor would she have wish'd for more state, because being quite bent upon secrecy, she with no want of justice contended, "The fewer eyes to witnesse, the fewer tongues to testify to that which had beene done."

As hath beene said, Earle of Leicester then foresaw the daye when he might require the power this might grant him, and no doubt this proved true, altho' we, th' first-borne sonne of the secret union, have profited by no meanes therfrom,—since we unfortunately incurr'd his great and most rancourous ill will, many yeares backe. As you no doubt are cognisant of our summarie banishment to beautifull France, which did intend our correction but oped to us the gates of Paradise, you know that our sire, more ev'n then our roiall mother, was bent upon our dispatch thither, and urg'd vehemently that subseque't, artfullie contriv'd business—concerning affaires of state—intrusted to us in much th' same manner, we thought, as waighty affaires were laid upon Sir Amyas, with whom they sent us to th' French Court.

By some strange Providence, this served well the purposes of our owne heart; for, making cyphares our choyse, we straightway proceeded to spend our greatest labours therein, to find a methode of secret communication of our historie to others outside the realme. That, however, drew noe suspition upon this device, inasmuch as it did appeare quite naturall to one who was in companie and under the instruction of our ambassadour to the Court o' France; and it seemed, on th' part of our parents, to afford peculiar relief, as shewing that our spirit and minde had calmed, as the ocean after a tempest doth sinke into a sweete rest, nor gives a signe of th' shippewracke belowe the gently rolli'g surface.

For such simple causes were we undisturb'd in a search after a meanes of transmitting our secret history. Fayli'g this—as no doubt our discypherer doth know, ere nowe—we devised this double alphabet Cyphar which with patience may be discovered, with another having within the body the keies to separate it into parts, that it may be joined by our lawe and come forth in that forme which first it bore under our hand. Thus shal we see our work arise, as, in the Judgement Day, the soules that death set free shall rise again in their celestiall bodies, such as they were first created, or as they existed in the thought of God; and as the glory of the terrestriall is different from th' glorie of the celestiall, so the beauties of the one shall not be as th' other. It hath beene our practise, from th' first Cyphar epistle to th' present letter, to scatter th' history widely, having great feare alwaies that our roiall mother may, by some ill-chance, come upo' the matter, and our life bee the forfeit ere half this labour bee ended. Should she laie hand upon the epistle, no eie save her owne would evermore read this interiour history. Where our Cyphar shiftes with suddennes, our decypherer needeth more patience.

FRA. B.

A TREATISE OF MELANCHOLY. 1586.

T. BRIGHT.

Verily, to make choyse of mouthpeeces for our voice, is farre fro' being a light or pleasi'g, but quite necessarie and importanf, missio'; and it oft in truth swaloweth all we receive from our writtings ere such cost be paid. None must thinke, however, that this doth moove us to forego th' worke. Rather would a slowly approaching death bee desir'd, or haste'd to summo' us quicklie, then that we now weaken in our great undertaki'g of writing out,—in our

secrete but playne manner of transmitti'g,—our history, as hath here bene sayd in our other Cyphar; also a most full and compleat storie of this so-styl'd maiden queene, her marriage, when prisonner at the Tower at command o' Queene Mary, and her prior mad love profess'd for Seymour, a man manie a yeare elder yet not greatly wiser then th' willfull princesse.

The early piety, that manie credulou' men attempt to proove, is most disprov'd by so unnecessary intemperance, wantonnesse, and over vehemence of affection, betrai'd towards a gentleman olde enough, if vertuoslie inclined, to guide a young princesse to piety, when in her co'fide'ce,—for sundry thi'gs come with experie'ce,—rather the' give her greefe, or future sorrow, never asswag'd on earth. Friendshippe alone should binde a man's mind strongly, that he curbe well his inordinate concupiscence and sin.

He, by disownei'g the child, subjected the princely heart to ignominie, and co'pelled Elizabeth to murder this infant at the very first slight breath, least she bee openly sham'd in Court, inasmuch as King Edward was intollerant of otheres foibles, whilst partiall to his owne.

This sad narrative is in the other Cyphar. It could not bee at once incorporated, because the parts should not bee plact near to one another. It must be quickly seene, therefore, it was needfull to commingle manie stories in one booke. None having beene finish'd at this* time, the faithfull decypherer is most solemnlie enjoin'd to follow th' one he can worke out at once, because it hath manifold instructions for Cyphar writing, which should doubtlesse be of great use in a future work of a sorte much unlike anything hee hath yet seene.

It is undoubtedly possible so to write anything whatsoever, that any who hath sufficient witte, join'd with as great a measure of patience, may work out th' hidden his-

*Second Ed., published same year.

torie without other directions then he heerein may duly finde. We have in our idole times amused and likewise well assured ourselfe of our inve'tion, of which wee most frequently speake, by ourselfe working from our published worke, that which formerly bore other names, th' sometimes weak yet not unworthy portio's translated from noble Homer, his poemes, or great Virgill's verse. By such maner of finding parts of the hidden stories, this contrivance is very constantlie in emploiement, and all our future discypherer's difficulties, by prevision, made lesse, so that he should not, in th' midst of his work, in wearinesse turne backe.

In many workes—such as the poemes at present suppos'd to belong to Spenser and Greene—the discypherer wil see portions of a secret storie chieflie co'cerning our lovely Marguerite of Navarre, Queene of that realme and our heart. Love of her had power to make the Duke of Guise forget the greatest honours that France might confer upon him; and hath power as wel to make all such fleeting glory seeme to us like dreames or pictures, nor can wee name ought reall that hath not origin in her. At one time a secret jealousy was consta'tlie burning in our vains, for Duke Henry then follow'd her day in and out, but she hath given us proof of love that hath now sette our hart at rest on th' quæry.

FRANCIS, PRINCE O' WALES.

EUPHUES—MORANDO. 1587.

ROBERT GREENE.

Happie th' man, who, wearing in humble life a crowne such as the Jewes of former dayes platted for th' Christ, must win later the much priz'd golden rigoll which is worne by mortall men who are blest. Shut our eyes we cannot. A hand upon th' heart would not crush out the life, as doth

feare that we may fail to win our proper crowne though th' Queene be our *mother.

Dailie we see cause of this co'stantlie increasing dread, in the favour shewne to our brother rather than to ourselfe, despite the prioritie of our clayme to all princelie honour. And th' frenzied eagernes hee doth bewray,—when these shews and vauntlinglie marked favours, give co'firmatio' strong as proofes o' Holie Writ of our wisedome,—maketh us to inquire sadly of our owne hart whether our brother returneth our warm affection. The love we beare him is as fresh at this day, as it was in his boyhoode, when the relationship was for some time so carefully kept unknown—as th' fact was, for yeares, guarded of our high birth and station. Not a thought then enter'd th' brain, that it was not a ple'sure for us both to share. Our joies were thus two-fold, our sorrowes all cut in twaine; but th' pride of his heart having beene aroused, our eies can but note th' change, for hee seldom doth keep the former waies in remembrance. Even in his manner now, we thinke, one thought hath a voyce: "Without a brother like ours that hath come before us by sixe short yeares, we could rely whollie upon ourselfe, and, furthermore, bee th' heyre to England's throne." Nothing soe open, so unmistakeable; but at times he maketh a great shew, stranger to our heart then the colde ungracious manner.

When this spirit of kindnes is felt noe more—when this shall be lost—th' minde can furnish few thoughtes, wrought thro' pain, from mem'ries of th' past houres o' joy, to comforte and console it. Whe' th' heart hath suffer'd change, and a breach beginneth to widen, noe wordes fill it up. An altred affection, one weakly parteth from, of neede, —for noe redresse is suitable.

*Morando.

The chiefe cause nowe of the uneasinesse is, however, the questio' that hath risen regarding these plots of Mary, and those of th' olde faith—a question of Elizabethe's clayme to the throne, and therefore, likewise, our owne. With everyone whose aime putteth him very seldom to blush, in heart, we desire onelie that this supreme right shall bee also supreme power. This doth more depende upon some work of Henries, then this secret royale espousall wee mention oft. Hence a wish that is not perhaps unworthie in us, under such peculiar circumstances surrounding not only ourselfe but our brother, to write another history.

F. B.

PERIMEDES—PANDOSTO. 1588.

ROBERT GREENE.

Til other writings have bene finish'd, you cannot carry out the wish we doe so frequentlie utter, that the decipherer shall take up a grave taske—that of writing againe a historie that shal be as strange as one in a suspitious drama not claiming to be narrative save of a fayned storie. 'Tis, however, true in everie circumstance—as true as truth. Our heart is almost bursting with our indignation, grief, and sorrowe; and wee feel our penne quivering, as a steed doth impatientlie stand awaiting an expected note of the horne o' the hunt, ere darti'g, as an arrowe flies to the targe, across moor and glen. We write much in a feverous longing to live among men of a future people. Here in the Court, th' story is but as th' tale that the olde wives tell as they sit in comfort by the fire—tho' it be tolde as truth, seldome accredite'. It is ofttimes repeeted, yet is as frequently waived; for 'tis as dangerous sorte of speech as can

come within th' compasse of faithful courtiers' intercourse. 'Twould show ill, if publisht so that all within reach might know it, besides costing our life, altho' it is truth itself. Manifestly the truth is now da'gerous and should bee conceal'd. Rex you must know to be our future title.

F., PR. OF W.

SPANISH MASQUERADO. EDITIONS 1589.

ROBERT GREENE.

Turn to a booke entitul'd Alcida, a Metamorphosis, befo' you decipher that most interesting Tale of Troie, lately written to make a piece suited to our translatio' of th' divine workes of Homer, Prince of Poetes, and also of noble Virgill, co'ceal'd in cyphars. Thinking to be, by a waie of our devising, able to write the secret story so that it may in a time not farre off acquaint many of our people with our true name, we also do ask, (in al of our work we publish under names that be almost trite) that every arte bee used to take th' Cyphre out. Works o' Homer, printed, cannot go to oblivion; and if our carefull planne preserve those rich gemmes, it shal build our owne moniment of that which shall outlast all els, and make our name at least reflect the glorie, that must—as long as our changing, subtlie altering mother-tongue endure—be seene afarre.

FR., PRINCE.

Another edition of above printed same year.

Turn to a booke entitul'd Alcida, a Metamorphosis, befo' you decipher that milde Tale o' Troy, that may, truth to say, well be nam'd a cistur', because severall riven rockes yet give sacred dewe therto—verses of Homer of unmatch'd beautie; of th' prince, soe nam'd, of those that it pleas'd to

write in Latine, Virgill; Petrarck in a fine line; or Ennius, braving daily surly critike but miraculouslie kept soe free as to strike all with dismaie. Our one hope of leaving our cipha' historie in like surrou'dinges, you, by marking soe-cal'd joining or co'bining keies, doe as easily unmask as we do inve't a meanes to hide. The furtherance of our much cherrish'd plan, keepeth us heartened for our work, making hope, or wish even of immediate recogniza'ce, of little consequence beside such possible renowne as might bee ours in a farre off age thorow our i'vention. When first our wo'drous Ciphar, surging up in the minde, ingu'ft our nightly thought, th' mind far out-ran al posi—(Incomplete —joins with some other work not yet deciphered.)

THE TRAGEDY OF
ANNE BOLEYN.

PREFACE.

The Cipher discoveries in some of the literature of the Elizabethan period, as set forth in *Francis Bacon's Bi-literal Cypher*—a book recently published in America and England—are most strange and important. To those not familiar with them, a few words are requisite for an understanding of the methods of the production of this Cipher play—*The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn.*

Two principal Ciphers have been found to exist in the works of Bacon. The first, the Bi-literal, by the use of Italic letters in different forms, concealed the rules and directions for writing out a second of greater scope—a so-called Word Cipher, in which key words indicate sections of similar matter, that, brought together in a new sequence, tell a different story. Both were invented by Bacon in his youth. The primary, or Bi-literal Cypher, is fully explained in *De Augmentis Scientiarum,* but it is only recently that it has been found to exist in the Italic printing of a number of the books of the Elizabethan era—books ascribed to different authors but now proved to have been written by Bacon.

On pages following are extracts from the *Bi-literal Cypher,* as published, relating in the words of the inventor himself the manner of using the Key-Word Cipher for the segregation and reconstruction of the hidden narratives, infolded in the pages as originally printed, with which we are familiar. These directions are fragmentary, scattered through many of the books deciphered, and are many times repeated in varying forms of expression.

The more important only are here gathered, which, with the "Argument" and the keys, now given, of this tragedy,

will outline the plan of this work. It may be interesting to know that the use of the key words is progressive, and that a small number only are used at one time: the first six or seven writing the prologue, a few of the next the opening scenes of the play, and so on through the entire work, some being dropped as others are taken up successively until all have been used. An appendix gives the book and page from which the lines are taken that have been brought together as the "great architect or master-builder directed."

In the reconstruction, especially when prose is changed to verse, the order of the words is slightly changed to meet the requirements of "rythmic measure in the Iambic." The great author used large parts of many scenes in two distinct plays—open and concealed—now and then with the same *dramatis personae,* again with others clearly indicated as belonging, historically, to these particular scenes. This fact may jostle our ideas somewhat, as we find new speakers using the familiar lines, but there is an added interest, when the transposition gives the accuracy of history to the beauty of dramatic expression. This *seems* the reverse of the natural order, but it is seeming only, for the literary world became acquainted with the rewritten plays three centuries before the hidden originals came to light.

In the banquet scene of this tragedy, the first part is almost identical with that of *Henry Eighth,* although—when "like joins like," something from Macbeth, from Hamlet, from Romeo and Juliet, etc., etc., is added—while other diversions of that festival night are not given openly in any of the works. The handkerchief scenes of the imagined tragedy of Othello belong to this real, but concealed, tragedy of Anne Boleyn, and the accusations against the Queen of Sicilia are a part of the charge against this martyred Queen; the reply, a part of the pathetic but brave response she made. The second part was never before in any published drama.

It would seem that Bacon learned from Cicero the method of preparing matter which could with slight variations be adapted to more than one purpose. We find this in the *Advancement of Learning* (1605, p. 52).

"And Cicero himselfe, being broken unto it by great experience, delivereth it plainely; That whatsoever a man shall have occasion to speake of, (if he will take the paines) he may have it in effect premediate, and handled in these. So that when hee cometh to a particular, he shall have nothing to doe, but to put too Names and times, and places; and such other Circumstances of Individuals."

A little further on (p. 56), is an instance where an inquiry about the tablets in Neptune's Temple is ascribed to Diagoras, while in the *Apothegms* this same question is put in the mouth of Bion. And, in the First Folio of the Shakespeare Plays, a very marked example occurs in *Romeo and Juliet.*

Romeo speaking, says:

"The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by Titans wheeles."

Then almost immediately after, the Friar gives the same lines, with very slight but distinctive changes:

"The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light,
And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and Titans burning wheeles."

The modern editors cut out one *quatrain* as a supposed mistake, the decipherer discovers by the keys and joining-words that each has a place—the first in one work, and the second in another.

As the tragical events of this period in the history of the ill-fated queen, now known to be Bacon's ancestress, have

little by little unfolded in the deciphering, there has been a deepening sense of the pathos of the story. Like dissolving views the scenes appear, and fade, and *this* mightiness meets misery so soon that we feel the shock. There is the gentle Anne's appearance at the banquet, "when King Henry for the first time cometh truely under the spell of her beautie"—his infatuation—his determination that nothing should stand in the way of making her his wife—the divorce from Katherine—the coronation—the disapproval of the people, not of Anne but of the King—the insulting song at the coronation festivities—the birth of Elizabeth, Bacon's mother, and the King's disappointment that the princess was not a prince. Later there is the King's fickleness, which prompted the false charges against his wife—the mockery of the trial—the true nobleness of the victim—the injustice of her condemnation—the pathetic message to the King, as she was led to the scaffold—the cruelty of her execution.

It is no wonder that Bacon felt this deeply, nor that "every act and scene is a tender sacrifice, and an incense to her sweet memory."

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP.

Detroit, November, 1901.

FRANCIS BACON'S BI-LITERAL CIPHER.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR DECIPHERING THE KEY-WORD CIPHER.

(*Extracts from Bacon's Bi-Literal Cypher.*)

In th' beginning our Word Cypher is such as will be decipher'd with most ease, after the designe shall bee fully seene, and the entire planne well learned. It was in use early. . . . The hidden history extendeth through works of numerous designes and kinds that have beene put out from time to time for severall yeeres. All workes we publish'd under names, have some parts of the story, for our whole Cypher plan doth possesse one feature much to be commended, that of perfecte safety. . . . (p. 110).

This Cyphar will make the Word Cypher more plaine. . . . . It is our most importa't Cypher, having th' complete story told therein, but this, also, is of much use giving rules and instructions to aide in our worke, and setti'g forth th' arguments of many workes, in th' bookes wee published in divers names. . . . (p. 111).

It may bee well now as we approach the end, to give summaries of th' numerous workes which he will find in Cypher,—and the methodes wee have us'd,—of the plays we have not long since spoken in this place as thirteene in number,—five of which are nam'd as histories, five as historicall tragœdies, three as comedies. Of all these, in one work or another, keies and arguments may bee found to aide the discypherer. Th' former are his indispensable guides, the latter ayde him greatly to re-build these broken, scattered pallaces.

Th' histories are not completed, at this writing, in their exteriour masque. Comming latelie into newe honours and newe duties wee have, as may be suppos'd, written

much lesse then formerly. All interiour worke, nevertheless, is completed, and made ready for th' incorporation into these divers works. . . . (p. 117).

The great Cipher spoken of soe frequentlie,—tearm'd th' most importante invention, since 'tis of farre greater scope,—shall heere bee againe explained. . . . (p. 118).

Keyes are used to pointe out the portions to be used. These keies are words imploied in a naturall and common waye, but are mark'd by capitalls, the parenthese, or by frequent and unnecessarie iteration. . . .

There will, with a little observation, bee discern'd wordes which are repeatedly used in the same connection. These must bee noted specially since they form our series of combining or joyning wordes, which like the marks th' builder putteth on the prepar'd blockes of stone shewing the place of each in the finisht building, pointe out with unmistakable distinctnes its relation to all other parts.

As whilst writing these interior works these keies and joining-words did deter th' advancement, it shall work a contrarie effecte on this part of th' designe, and th' part of our ready decypherer is made easie for his hand, but his sight shal accordinglie have neede to bee as th' sight of th' keene-ey'd eagle, if hee would hunt this out, losing nothing. . . . (p. 119).

For other workes our joyning-words are cleare, or those arguments so fully given, th' discyphering is onely a matter of time and patience, but this would surely not be wanting in the man who hath worked out the Bi-literall Cipher that doth require soe much.

In many places will there bee found instruction for the discypherer and in divers waies, so that, fayling one, he should see others, as hath noe doubt beene discov'r'd since this Bi-literall Cypher hath made everything cleare, shewing the workes that joyne, and giving ayde as often as it may bee requir'd. The designe, however, being so com-

pleat it should seeme a thing that men of keene eyes and quick minde may discover readily and pursue with ease.

Of my devices nothing excells that of th' employment of words in common use to direct our decypherer. Tables should contayne all such because no man's memorie can long retayne such a number of words; but all will clearlie see how great an advantage it must bee to bee able to masque all our divers pen names in common tearmes, so naturallie, that not a man of common intelligence will suspect the presence of anything of a secret nature.

The preparation and distribution of th' Cypher wordes requir'd much time and this time was soon at my disposition. Th' numerous works that will be sent forth, soone, will prove the truth of my assertion of a ceaselesse industry and an unflagging zeale. No one living in the midst o' th' tumults and distractions which are found in our great townes could (could) better hold to a purpose,—but a few years younger, in truth, then I,—for it stirred within me when I first was told of my great birth, and tooke forme shortly after that scene at th' Court of our mother which led soe quickly to my be'ng sent to France in th' company and care of Sir Amyas Paulet. It waighed on me consta'tly, untill I devis'd a waye by which I could communicate this strange thing to th' world, as you know, and my restlesse minde unsatisfied with one or two good Cyphers, continually made triall of new contrivances, in order to write the true story fully, that wrongs of this age bee made right in another.

As my work hath beene, from my earlie youth untill of late, one of unflagging intereste, I have made great progresse in Cypher-writing, finding it pleasing at first,—I may say manie times mildlie exciting. . . . (p. 121).

Th' directions to th' decipherer oft occur, for it cannot bee that hee doth decypher everything I write, yet if but a part be done, it would bee sufficient, doubtlesse, to reveale

th' history; but I must strive to soe double th' rules as I write, that no failure shall bee possible. . . . (p. 122).

But, truth to say, severall of the plays that I am about to put forth are yet incomplete, and I am, too, much occupied with a work on the life of my m'ternall great grandefather, which doth include most of my Cypher plaie, The White Rose of Brittaine. Many earlier plaies are to bee somewhat alter'd in order to have some portiones of my historie put into th' Cypher. 'Tis of th' great key-word Cyphar of which I am speaking, chiefe of these inve'tions, for by th' use of it, I may make a work of beautie, as you know, while some of these being of such [nature] that they are not easily kept in minde are easily overlookt like the way of ships on the ocean. . . . (p. 125).

Th' cheefe of all my inventions is the key-word Cypher. Therefore I wish to have it given first, and most, of your time after this worke shall have come to an end.

Whilst it is true regarding that Cypher of which I speak, much must yet be written, and that none can learn how to decypher it till full instructio's may bee found,—I am giving great attention to th' completion of severall plays that containe all th' instructio's,—time will not permit the great catalogue to swell to much greater proportio's; but 'tis trulie colossall already, and doth approove my tirelesse spirit. . . . (p. 126).

If he discov'r the key of my newe invention, himselfe, before it bee explain'd, it shall redound to his credit. Much as hath beene the case in all discoveries worthy of note since man's creation, this may furnish him soe much delighte, whilst it doth occupie his minde, that time shall seeme short. In my History of Henry Seventh this shall all bee explain'd.

But as I doe not accompte th' time wasted which one may soe imploy, soe difficult is my taske of publishing my plays under th' name of one who hath departed,—manie

being out already, but an almost equall number new,—that much of my thought in leasure houres is upon the questio' how it may bee done. For the purposes of the Cypher it is requir'd that no alteratio' be made, for that manner that I have adopted shewing different workes by common words must not suffer unnecessarie change. The discipherer will doubtlesse need all the assistance which can thus be giv'n nor could I now so alter the new, without making a correspo'sive change in that now in print,—a thing soe nearly impossible as to be out of all questio'. . . . (p. 127).

I thought not, however, to make a device so compleate as my most worthy Bi-literall has now proven, and its completenesse may make it very difficult to shew forth this designe clearlie, yet at the same time guard the treasure that it keepes. It certaynly requireth as much wit as th' first inventio', though much lesse pleasure cometh therein.

It is so much in my minde that I speak thus oft about it, and take my decypherer into confidence, as it were, which doth shewe one of those strange weakenesses of soules indrawn, like mine, since it needeth noe proofe of the fact that a demonstration would be wholly unnecessary if there were anie man living in the world who could understand these things here hidden; but I speake or write as if the discypherer sat at my side to take part when requir'd in th' deliberatio's. . .) Many times I have a sense of my kinde companion's presence, yet at the bottome of every other desire, is a hope that this Cypher shall not have beene seene or read when my summons shall come. Therefore tranquillity is an impossible state, and I am torn betwixt feare that it bee too well hid, and a desire to see all my devices for transmitting this wondrous history, preserv'd and beque'th'd to a future generatio', undiscov'r'd. . . . (p. 129).

Indeed he is to me a friend who can reach out his hand across the abysm of the ages, and give such aide as none

present hath given, or in truth can give to me, in labour of wondrous pow'r. . . . (p. 131).

Round certaine words that I name keyes, one cluster may bee seene to have its place in othe' kinds o' worke. T' aid in finding keyes, some words are not capitalized: whenere a fewe such are repeated frequentlie, take note of it and our design will take its proper form i' th' minde. Let th' wordes in parenthese' next be found. N. B. every time such seem to be us'd *ad libitum,* it showeth they are keiés. Such use o' capitalls meaneth that this pointeth out th' words I will so use. . . . (p. 143).

Proceed, therefore, in this manne'. Seeke near each key that othe' or joining-word, which you will find oft repeated, and bring parts together. . . . (p. 144).

Plays are by no meanes alwaies verse, therefore have I put a chain linking together by keies my speaches: those in Henry Seventh, are now many lines in excesse; and all, or much, upon the claiming Henrie's crowne is to be altered. You will finde that historie repeats itselfe in this, and that my owne story here given, has much that is similar to the claime Warbeck made, yet also differing, inasmuch as his had so false premises: but I was Elizabeth's son, by her wedded Lord, elder brother to Robert, the Earle of Essex, who raised a rebellion to obtaine his owne mother's kingdome, despite all other and prior rights. . . . (p. 172).

My translations are many times emploied twice. If my love poems may but show this, you will understa'd. In the Cypher story, inside plays, my hidden book mask'd in its sentences oftentimes a play, or story, divided more, that it may forme the inmost of my secret epistles. . . .

My first importa't letter to you concerns my greatest invention of a meanes of transmitting whatsoever I wish to share. . . . (p. 181).

Whenere this story in Cipher doth push ope th' sepulture door, strip the clothes and napkins which would confine it from offe its feet, and so stepp out among living human beings, my inmost heart must be reveal'd, open as upon God's great day of a last judgment. Make your work as the voyce that shall commande it to rise, stand forth, and tell to mankinde its secret woe.

I use words to indicate the part of my life in France, using the keyes as just given with but a few added, such as Paris, France, court, Charles, Henry. Joyne minde or braine (with the faculties), also spirit, soule, the conscience with heart, and the other words signifying affection, love, hate, envie, antipathy and like passio's. In example o' it turne t' Cymbeline, actus primus, scena secunda, by (Queene) see (Love) (Heart) both by the key-words nam'd in my latest list, thus setting off to another use each of the sections so shewne. So ever Marlow, Peele, Greene, or aniething which doth containe the storie of the stay in Margaret's sunshinie France. . . . (p. 183).

As some of the plaies are histories they are not alwayes mentioned as dramas, but I will now make out a table (i' Cipher) naming all you are to decypher. There are five Histories as followes: The Life o' Elizabeth, The Life of Essex, The White Rose o' Britaine, The Life and Death of Edward Third, The Life of Henry th' Sevent; five Tragedies: Mary Queene o' Scots, Robert th' Earle o' Essex, (my late brother) Robert th' Earle o' Leicester (my late father), Death o' Marlowe, Anne Bullen; three Comedies: Seven Wise Men o' th' West, Solomon th' Second, The Mouse-Trap.

The keies and th' arguments do not follow at this point, but are given elsewhere. There are three notable Epics which are from Greeke (Homer) and that Latine (similar partly in theame) of great Virgill; and a history, in prose commixt with verse, of England and a fewe Englishmen

whose lives in greater or lesse degree affected ours. . . . (p. 202).

A work of such magnitude as th' Iliads could not well bee twice given in Cypher, but many o' th' other writings are repeated in principall things, preventing by this device th' entire losse in case others shall bee destroy'd. . . . (p. 204).

At first my plann of Cipher work was this: to shew secrets that could not be publish'd openly. This did so well succeed that a different (not dangerous) theme was entrusted to it; and after each was sent out a newe desire possess'd me, nor left me day or night untill I took up againe th' work I love so fondly. . . . (p. 216).

Finding that one important story within manie others produc'd a most ordinarie play, poem, history, essay, law-maxime, or other kind, class, or description of work, I tried th' experiment of placing my tra'slations of Homer and Virgil within my other Cypher. When one work has been so incorporated into others, these are then in like manner treated, separated into parts and widely scatter'd into my numerous books. . . .

Seeke it out by carefull attentio' to the simple rules which pointe your course: directions shewe each part of the worke so fully, (my designe is so farre worked out in such other accompanying Cyphers as best will teach this invention) that the unfolding doth seem like as it were o' itselfe. Indeed you may write meerelie as the hired assista't whose worke is that of a man's hand, or penne, not of his thought, braine, or minde, inasmuch as my thought has inform'd every portion, as the minde doth the bodie.

At no time shal your appearance in mine emploie bee deem'd anie otherwise then that of an amanuensis, yet, sir, all dues of honour shal be yours, in this and the com-

ing ages, since it is wholly by this means that the greatest things of this age can be revealed. . . . (p. 341).

My word-signs are scatt'red with most prodigall hand, not onely in the prose, but also in the diverse other workes. In many places you may finde them named as joyning-wordes, this manner shewing their use, which is to bring parts together. You must likewise keep in minde one very important rule: it is, that like must be joyn'd to like. Match each key with words of a like meaning, like nature, or like origin. These are sometimes called, in many prose pamphlets and th' workes of philosophy or science, conjugates, connaturalls and similars or parallels. . . .

My table of keyes by which each of the many workes were prepared, you may have found while making out this Cypher; they have beene placed in most of my books, but in manifolde wayes, as well as in many places, in order that my Cipher story of mine earliest yeeres, be not writen while I stay in this land of my birth and rightfull inheritance. It is for this cause that little of your subject matter occupies one space, your numerous instructions so widely dispersed, nothing given with any due concern as to sequence, changes (often unexpected) from one place to another, with much other and entir'ly foraine matter introduced to make this to appeare principall in the intention. . . . (p. 346).

There is a play in some of my prose works, in Cypher, of great worth, entitl'd The White Rose o' Britaine. It hath as principall actors, names verie familiar. Historie, related events, and out of many papers which th' times render of importance, I have made a play. The parts concerning my maternall great-grandsire, who as you no doubt have learned before this was King Henry Seventh, and also much o' that that doth chiefly concern his thorne, that Perkin (or as it is often written elsewhere, Peterkin) Warbeck, and the gentle wife, whom the king so gallantly

nam'd White Rose o' Britaine, will be found in the historie of his raigne. The remaining portions are put in my Essays, in my Advancement of Learning, the Anatomy of Melancholy, and portions of such plays as naturallie treat of affaires of State.

It shall give many a portion of my history, for my owne case is of the same nature as Perkin's, but my claime was just, his built on thin aire. In this play you heare the chaf'd lion's sullen roare, and though the scenes have their proper place in the history of Henry the Seventh's time, manie of them will be found to relate other things of an after time. If you keepe my life and its rude tumults in minde, this play that seemeth to relate such events in the reigne [of] this most mighty king, shall portray many a scene in that of Elizabeth, my owne royall parent. . . . (p. 354).

It is prose chiefely. Th' parts which I intended to have versified doe make up such an important part of that great historie th' taske would have bin a difficile one, yet in manie written at an earlier date I have some large portions in both forms. This hath made my owne work greater, but hath in nowise made my decypherer's lesse, inasmuch as the changes had againe to be made by himselfe while engaged in the decyphering, but *vice versa*. In example, if I have made the interio' epistle poetrie and the exterior not soe, hee must versifie, but if th' interiour be in prose and the exterior in verse his taske is light; if both be the same it is easy both to read and write.

The keies will not be given untill th' history mentioned be finish'd but when he doth see the name o' Ladie Kath'rine Gordon in any of my workes, he may know that I speake of her,—th' daughter of a nobleman of Scotland, mine Earle o' Huntley,—by King Henry th' Sevent named White Rose of Brittaine, giving to her beautie th' title assum'd by her husband, th' pretended Duke o' Yorke.

She was in truth verie sweete and faire in forme and feature, gracing the name hee, dishonouring, speedilie lost. Her wifely devotion to th' false Duke, hath made many tender and most saddening scenes in the play. It winneth, also, much love and honor, and a wondering admiration, her heart shewing great strength and constancy. . . . (p. 98).

I' th' King Henry the Seventh you shall finde some portions to co'plete that plaie, but King Henry Eight is also requir'd, with Richard. Of most historicall plays note one mark'd pointe or feature. Some likenesse or paralell is to bee observed in them, also th' events of one raigne seeme link'd to those of time that precedeth or doth followe, as seene in such as I have sent forth from time t' time, for the purposes of my Cypher. . . . (p. 99).

Th' play, of which I have given the title, is not soe pleasing as it might be with sweete Katherine Gordon's love scenes, and th' Duke's happy songs of the gaiety of th' princely Court of England, but since all this may be seene to be a part of another play, it will bee thought well when completed that I robb Henry th' Sevent to add a grace to my White Rose. Of this I leave posteritie to judge, confident of th' decision whe' they shall both bee discyphered. . . . (p. 100).

(Note.) This is the third of the Tragedies, mentioned in the Catalogue, which has been deciphered by the Key-Word Cipher. *The Tragedy of the Earl of Essex*, and *The Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots*, deciphered by Dr. O. W. Owen, and also *The Spanish Armada*, form a part of the series heretofore published as *Francis Bacon's Cipher Story*.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY.

As may bee well knowne unto you, th' questio' of Elizabeth, her legitimacie, made her a Protestant, for the Pope had not recognis'd th' union, tho' it were royale, which her sire made with fayre Anne Boleyn. Still we may see that despite some restraining feare, it suited her to dallie with the question, to make a faint shew of settling the mater as her owne co'scie'ce dictated, if we take th' decisions of facts; but the will of th' remorse-tost king left no doubt in men's minds concerning th' former marriage, in fact, as th' crowne was giv'n first to Mary, his daughter of that marriage, before commi'g to Elizabeth.

In th' storie of my most infortunate grandmother, the sweet ladie who saw not th' headsman's axe when shee went forth proudly to her coronation, you shall read of a sadnesse that touches me neere, partlie because of neerenesse in bloud, partlie from a firme beliefe and trust in her innocencie. Therefore every act and scene of this play of which I speake, is a tende' sacrifice, and an incense to her sweete memorie. It is a plea to the generations to come for a just judgement upon her life, whilst also giving the world one of the noblest o' my plays, hidden in Cy'hre in many other workes.

A short argument, and likewise th' keies, are giv'n to ayde th' decypherer when it is to be work'd out as I wish. This doth tell th' story with sufficient cleafnes to guide you to our hidden storie.

This opeth at th' palace, when King Henry for the first time cometh truely under the spell of her beautie,—then in th' highest perfection of dainty grace, fresh, unspoiled,—and the charme of youthlie manners. It is

thought this was that inquisition which brought out feares regarding th' marriage contracted with Katharine of Arragon, so that none greatly wond'red whe' prolonged consultation of the secret voyce in his soule assur'd the questioner noe good could ever come from the union. Acti'g upon this conviction he doth confer money and titles upon his last choise to quiet objections on score of unmeetnes.

But tho' an irksome thing, truth shall be told. Tho' it be ofttimes a task,—if selfe-imposed, not by any meanes th' lesse, but more wearisome, since the work hath noe voyce of approvall or praise,—I intend its completion. For many simple causes th' historie of a man's life cometh from acts that we see through stayned glasse darkelie, and of th' other sexe, a man doth perceyve lesse, if possible, but th' picture that I shall heere give is limn'd most carefully. However m' pen hath greatly digress'd, and to returne.

Despite this mark of royall favour, a grave matter like the divorcement of a royall spouse to wed a maide, suited not with fayre Anne's notions of justice, and with a sweete grace she made answere when the King sued for favour:—"I am not high in birth as would befit a Queene, but I am too good to become your mistresse." So there was no waye to compasse his desires save to wring a decree out o' th' Pope and wed th' maide, not a jot regarding her answer unlesse to bee the more eager to have his waye.

Th' love Lord Percy shew'd my lady, although so frankly return'd, kept the wish turning, turning as a restless mill. Soone he resolv'd on proof of his owne spirit, doe th' Pope how he might, and securing a civill decree, privately wedded th' too youthfull Anne, and hid her for space of severall daies untill th' skies could somewhat cleare; but when th' earlie sumer came, in hope that there might soone bee borne to them an heyre of th' desir'd kinde,

order'd willinglie her coronation sparing noe coste to make it outvie anie other.

And when she was borne along, surrounded by soft white tissew, shielded by a canopie of white, whilst she is wafted onwards, you would say an added charme were to paint the lillie, or give the rose perfume.

This was onely th' beginning of a triumph, bright as briefe,—in a short space 'twas ore. Henry chose to consider th' infant princesse in the light of great anger of a just God brought upon him for his sinnes, but bearing this with his daring spirit, he compelleth the Actes of Supremacy and Succession, which placed him at the head of the Church of England, in th' one case, and made his heires by Queene Anne th' successours to th' throne. Untill that time, onely male heyres had succeeded to th' roiall power and the act occasioned much surprise amongst our nobilitie.

But Henry rested not the'. The lovelinesse of Anne and her natural opennesse of manner, so potent to winne th' weake heart o' th' King, awaken'd suspition and much cruell jealousie when hee saw th' gay courtiers yielding to th' spell of gracefull gentility,—heighten'd by usage forrayn, as also at th' English Court. But if truth be said, th' fancy had taken him to pay lovi'g court unto the faire Jane Seymour, who was more beautifull, and quite young, —but also most ordinary as doth regard personall manner, and th' qualitie that made th' Queene so pleasing,—Lady Jane permitting marks of gracious favour t' be freelie offered.

And the Queene, unfortunately for her secret hope, surpris'd them in a tender scene. Sodaine griefe orewhelming her so viole'tlie, she swound before them, and a little space thereafter the infant sonne so constantly desir'd, borne untimely, disappointed once more this selfish monarch. This threw him into great fury, so that he was cruellie harsh where [he] should give comfort and sup-

port, throwing so much blame upon the gentle Queene, that her heart dyed within her not long after soe sadde ending of a mother, her hopes.

Under pretexte of beleeving gentle Queene Anne to be guilty of unfaithfullnesse, Henry had her convey'd to London Tower, and subjected her to such ignominy as one can barelie beleeve, ev'n basely laying to her charge the gravest sins, and summoning a jury of peeres delivered the Queene for tryal and sentence. His act doth blacken pitch. Ev'n her father, sitting amidst the peeres before whom shee was tried, exciteth not so much astonishment since hee was forc'd thereto.

Henry's will was done, but hardly could hee restraine the impatience that sent him forth from his pallace at th' hour of her execution to an eminence neare by, in order to catche th' detonation (ation) of th' field peece whose hollow tone tolde the moment at which th' cruell axe fell, and see the blacke flag, that signall which floated wide to tell the world she breath'd no more.

Th' hast with which hee then went forward with his marriage, proclaym'd the reall rigor or frigidity of his hart. It is by all men accompted strange, this subtile power by which soe many of the peeres could be forc'd to passe sentence upon this lady, when proofes of guilt were nowhere to bee produced. In justice to a memorie dear to myselfe, I must aver that it is far from cleare yet, upon what charge shee was found worthie of death. It must of neede have beene some quiddet of th' lawe, that chang'd some harmlesse words into anything one had in minde, for in noe other waye could speech of hers be made wrongfull. Having fayl'd to prove her untrue, nought could bring about such a resulte, had this not (have) beene accomplish'd.

Thus was her good fame made a reproache, and time hath not given backe that priceles treasure. If my plaie

shal shew this most clearly, I shall be co'tente. And as for my roiall grandsire, whatever honour hath beene lost by such a course, is re-gain'd by his descendants from the union, through this lovi'g justification of Anne Bulle', his murther'd Queene.

Before I go further with instructions, I make bold to say that th' benefits we who now live in our free England reape [are] from her faith and unfayling devotion to th' advancement, that she herselfe promoting, beheld well undertaken. It was her most earnest beliefe in this remarkable and widelie spread effecte on th' true prosperitie of the realme, and not a love o' dignity or power,—if the evidence of workes be taken,—that co'strain'd her to take upon her th' responsibility of roialtie. And I am fullie perswaded in mine owne minde that had shee lived to carry out all th' work, her honours, no doubt, had outvied those of her world-wide famed and honour'd daughter who continu'd that which had beene so well commenc'd.

I am aware many artes waned in the raignes of Edward and bloodie Mary, also that their recovery must have requir'd patient attention and the expenditure of money my mother had no desire so to imploy, having many other things at that time by which th' coffers were drayn'd subtly; but that it must require farre greater perseverance in order to begin so noble work, devising th' plannes and ayding in their execution, cannot be impugn'd. Many times these things do not shewe lightness or th' vanitie which some have laid to her charge.

However th' play doth reveale this better, farre, then I wish t' give it in this Cypher, therefore I begge that it shall bee written out and kept as a perpetual monument of my wrong'd, but innocent ancestresse.

My keies mentio'd in the beginning of this most helpfull work, will follow in this place:—

The King Henry Sevent, Kath'rine th' Infanta, Prince Arthur, Catholicke Spaine, Prince of Wales, King Henry th' Eight, Rome, nu'cio, Pope, Protestant, Anne Bullen, prelate, Wolsey, divorce, fury, excommunication, France, Francis.First, marriage, ceremony, brother, pageant, barge, Richmond, Greenwich, Tower, procession, cloth, tissue, panoply, canopy, cloth o' gold, litter, bearing-staves, pageant, streets, coronation, crowne of Edward, purple robe, roiall ermine, mace, th' sword, wand, esses, French, Spanish ambassadours, advance-guards, mayor, dutchesse, Duke Suffolke, Norfolke, Marquesse Dorset, Bishop London, same Winchester, th' Knights of th' Garter, Lord Chancellour, judges, Surrey, Earle, quirrestres, lords, ladies, *et al.*, Westminster, Rochford, Wiltshire, manors, castles, land, valew, titles, Marchionesse of Pembrooke, ports, countesses, roiall scepter, stile, power, title, pompe, realme, artes, advancement, liberty, treasure, warre, treaty, study, benefit, trade, priest, monastery, restitution, acts, supremacy, succession, Elizabeth, daughter, sonne, heyres, unfaithfulnesse, treason, Norris, Weston, subtile triumph, hate, losse, evill, jealousie, love, beautie, Tower, tryall, proofe, sentry, sentence, executed, burning, choyce, the axe, block, uncover'd face, report, black-flag, freedom, marriage-vow, Edward.

As hath most frequentlie bin said these will write th' play, but th' foregoing abridgeme't, or argument, wil ayde you. In good hope of saving th' same from olde Father Time's ravages, heere have I hidden this Cypher play. To you I entruste th' taske I, myselfe, shall never see complete, it is probable, but soe firme is my conviction that it must before long put up its leaves like th' plant in th' sunne, that I rest contente awaiting that time.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

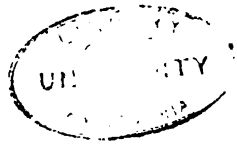
Anne Boleyn.
King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Nuncio of the Pope.
Imperial Ambassador.
French Ambassador.
Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Earl of Derby.
Earl of Northumberland.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Sir Thomas Lovel.
Sir John Russell.
Sir Francis Weston.
Attorney-General.
Cromwell.
Harry Percy.
Thomas Wyat.
Henry Norris.
Frith, a Lutheran.
Garter, King at Arms.
Sergeant at Arms.
Lord Mayor of London.
Friar.

Lord Dacres.
Lord Howard.
Lord Hussey.
Lord Rochford.
Lord Sands.
Sir Nicholas Carew.
Sir Henry Guilford.
Sir William Kingston.

Countess of Oxford.
Countess of Worcester.
Lady Rochford.
Lady Kingston.
Jane Seymour.
Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent.
Emilia, Woman to the Queen.

Lords and other Attendants, Citizens, Aldermen, Warders, Officers, Guard, Soldiers, Huntsmen, Forester, Messenger, Page, Herald, Chorus, etc.



The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn.

The Prologue.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe—
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow—
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too.
Ferdinand of Spain
Writes to King Henry Seventh in terms most plain,
Of his succession naught assurance gives
As long as Edward, Earl of Warwick, lives:
And he his daughter Katherine is loth
To send to troubles and to dangers both.
The treaty of the marriage's seal'd alone
In blood will make 'em one day for it groan.
A kind of malediction doth the King—
And an infausting—'pon the marriage bring,
An ill prognostic which events prove true,
As to Prince Arthur and sad Katherine, too.
More of this matter cannot I report;
But this young Prince where he doth keep his court
And resiance—at Ludlow Castle—dies,

And Princess Katherine's unblest Fate now hies
To the palace of our king. O Harry's wife,
A queen crownèd with care, I give thy life
Into God's hand—the sad attending ear
Another woful tragedy shall hear.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.

The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS *and* SIR THOMAS LOVEL.

L. Cham. Come, good Sir Thomas, to the Cardinal's.
Lov. Your lordship is a guest too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere.
L. Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
L. San. He may, my lord,
Ha's wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill-doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.
L. Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. Come, Lord Sands,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.
L. San. I am your lordship's. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Secunda.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, *a longer table for the guests. Enter* ANNE BOLEYN *and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests at one door; at another door enter* SIR HENRY GUILFORD.

Sir H. Ladies,
A general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first, good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Lovel.

O my lord, you're tardy;
The very thought of this fair company
Clapt wings to me.

L. Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guilford.

L. San. Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste.
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play—

L. Cham. Well said, Lord Sands,
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

L. San. No, my lord,
Nor shall not while I have a stump. By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

L. Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering.—Nay you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;

Pray sit between these ladies.

L. San. By my faith,
And thank your lordship: by your leave, sweet ladies,
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne B. Was he mad, sir?

L. San. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too,
The merry mad-cap lord. Not a word with him
But a jest.

Anne B. And every jest but a word.

L. Cham. It was
Well done of you to take him at his word.
So, now you're fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

L. San. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

La. Ros. Thou art an old love-monger
And speakest skillfully.

La. Ma. He's Cupid's grandsire,
And learns news of him.

Anne B. Then was Venus like
Her mother, for her father is but grim.

L. San. Cupid hath all his arrows shot at me;
With various desires I am deluded.
One love succeeds another, and so soon
Ere one is ended I begin a second;
She that is last 's still fairest, she that's present
Pleaseth me most. What Telchin is my genius?

Anne B. Is it, my lord, a natural imperfection?
Or an hereditary passion?

L. San. Ay, madam, in a word:
Canst count the leaves in May,
Or sands i' th' ocean sea?
Then count my loves I pray.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey and takes his state.

Card. Set me the stoups of wine upon the table.
You're welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend: this to confirm my welcome,
And to you all, good health. (*He drinks.*)

L. San. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks
And save me so much talking.

Card. My Lord Sands,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbors.
Ladies you are not merry.—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

L. San. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne B. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

L. San. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam.

Anne B. Drink thou, my lord.

L. San. Come, fill till the cup be hid.

Anne B. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

(*Drum and trumpet. Chambers discharged.*)

L. San. I told your grace they would talk anon.

Card. What's that?

L. Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Card. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

L. Cham. How now? what is't?

Ser. A noble troop of strangers,

For so they seem; they've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Thyself do grace to them and bring them in;
This heaven of beauty shall shine at full upon them;
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Let some attend him.

(*Exit L. Chamberlain, Servant, and others.*)

Sir H. A hall, a hall, give room:
More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah ladies, this unlookt for sport comes well.

(*All rise and the tables are removed.*)

Card. You have now a broken banquet, but we'll
mend it.
A good digestion to you all: once more
I shower a welcome on ye;—welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King and others as maskers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

L. Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd
To tell your grace;—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less—
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty—
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlain,

They've done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.

L. Cham. Welcome, gentlemen.

La. Ros. What would they, say they?

L. San. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

La. Ros. Why that they have, and bid them so be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles
To tread a measure with you.

L. San. Lady Rosaline,
They say they've measur'd many weary miles
To tread a measure with you,

La. Ros. 'Tis not so.
Ask them how many inches in one mile?
If they have measur'd many, many miles,
The measure then of one is eas'ly told.

L. San. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the lady bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Lord. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

L. San. She hears herself.

La. Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Lord. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.

(*Music plays.*)

La. Ros. The music plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.

Lord. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

La. Ros. Name it.

Lord. Fair lady,—

La. Ros. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take you that for your fair lady.

L. San. Ladies that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns will walk about with you.
Ah, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She I'll swear hath corns: am I come near ye now?
La. Ma. Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice; take hands, we will now dance.
(*They dance.*)
King. What lady is that doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
Ser. I know not, sir.
King. My lord,
I beseech you a word: what lady is that same?
L. San. A woman, if you saw her in the light.
King. She's a most sweet lady, I desire her name.
L. San. She hath but one for herself, it were a shame
To desire that.
King. Pray you sir, whose daughter? Speak.
L. San. Her mother's, I have heard.
King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithee come hither, what fair lady's that?
L. Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter—
The Viscount Rochford—one of her highness' women.
King. When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name.
O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of Night,
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now, forswear it sight,

For I never saw true beauty till this night.
(*Choose ladies. King and Anne Boleyn.*)
The fairest hand I ever touched! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! (*Music. Dance.*)
Card. My lord.
L. Cham. Your grace?
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself, to whom—
If I but knew him—with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
L. Cham. I will, my lord. (*They whisper.*)
Card. What say they?
L. Cham. Such an one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Card. Let me see then.—
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.
King. Ye have found him, Cardinal.
(*King unmasks.*)
You hold a fair assembly; you do well lord:
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you Cardinal,
I should judge you now unhappily.
Card. I am glad
Your Grace's so pleasant. I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Card. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.

Card. There's fresher air, my Lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—let's be merry;
Good my Lord Cardinal, I've half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favor.—Let the music knock it.
By heaven she is a dainty one.—(*Speaking to himself.*)
Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.

Anne B. Nay, though several
My lips, they are not common.

King. Belonging to whom?

Anne B. To my fortunes and me.

King. God's blessing on you,
Lady, I will commend you to my heart.

L. San. He'd kiss you twenty with a breath, fair
Anne. (*Speaking to himself.*)
Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Sir H. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Card. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
More torches here. (*Exeunt with trumpets.*)

Scena Tertia.

Banquet prepared. Enter KING, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Card. You know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks.

King. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host: I'll sit i' th' midst.
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.

Card. Thanks to your Majesty.

King. Eat, drink, and love; all other things are nought. (*King sits in a muse.*)

L. San. If my observation—which seldom lies,
By th' heart's still rhetoric, disclos'd with eyes—
Deceive me not, his majesty's infected.

La. Ros. With what?

L. San. Forsooth, with love.

La. Ros. My little heart!
O none but gods have power their love to hide!

L. San. The light of hidden fire itself discovers.

La. Ros. Therefore, even as an index to a book,
So to his mind his look.

Anne B. My royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with a welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

King. Sweet remembrancer! (*King rises.*)
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down:—give me some wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy o' th' whole table.

Card. And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

King. O sweet and pretty speaking eyes,
Where Venus, Love, and Pleasure lies.

Sir H. Most gracious Majesty, we've made a vow,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;

For when would you, my Liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practicers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immurèd in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye—
A lover's eye will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste;
For valor, is not Love a Hercules
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides,
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, th' academies, the ground,

That shew, contain, and nourish all the world.
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
Like as the sun in a diameter
Fires and inflames objects removèd far,
And heateth kindly shining literally;
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and remov'd,
Burns where it cherish'd, murders where it lov'd.

King. Saint Cupid, then. (*They all drink.*)

Lords. O Cupid, prince of gods and men!
(*Drink.*)

Card. I never may believe
These antique fables nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more divels than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman. The lover,all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing,
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks has strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.

L. San. Come now, what masks, what dances shall we have?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play?

Sir H. A play there is, my lord, a comedy—
'Tis Aulularia.

L. San. For the law of writ
And liberty, Plautus cannot be too light.

Sir H. Nor Seneca too heavy. There are things
I' this comedy will never please the ladies.

L. San. I do not doubt but to hear them say, my lord,
'Tis a sweet comedy.

Sir H. Well no more words, away.
Players,—your honors, and you fairest ladies,—
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
So frame your minds to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Hautboys. Enter Prologue.

For us and for our comedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently. (*Exit.*)

L. San. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

La. Ros. 'Tis brief, my lord.

L. San. As woman's love.

Sir H. O ho!
Do you mark that?

La. Ros. My lord, you are merry.

Enter Euclio driving out Staphyla.

Euc. Out, out thou wretch; away, get thee away.
Now thou art troublesome. Ha! get thee out.
Prithee avoid the house. 'Troth, hence, be gone;
And if thou jealous dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I'll beat this method in thy sconce.

Sta. Sconce call you it? So, so: but I pray, sir,
Why am I beaten? Ay me, ay me, most wretched!

Euc. To make thee wretched. O terrible woe,

Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head!
Sta. What is the reason that you use me thus?
And wherefore keep me from the house I owe?
Euc. Give thee a reason on compulsion? No:
Demand me nothing: what thou know'st, thou know'st.
The harvest is thine own—ay, of keen whips—
Ha! get thee from the door.
Do you see this?
Look on her, look, look there, look there! she creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one.
Why then, how stands the matter with thee?
Come, recreant, come: I'll whip thee with the rod.
Come, forth I say, thou earth, thou: come, thou tortoise.
Sta. How may I be deliver'd of these woes?
O you good gods, teach me to hang myself,
Rather than be a slave within this house
Upon such terms. This is not well, not well.
Euc. How now thou hag? What! dost thou
grumble? Hark!
O for a stone-bow to hit thee in the eye.
I have an humor t' knock thee, lest thou watch me like
Argus.
Prithee get thee further, further I say, and further.
(*Pushes her with his hands.*)
Sta. How, so far?
Euc. Not an inch further, there now, stand still.
Thou shalt not budge, thou go'st not from this spot
A hair's breadth. Stand, and if thou but look back,
I will give up thy body to the murderer's gibbet.
Not one word more.
Blest to be most accurst, (*Speaking to himself.*)
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. She's a gross hag
That will not stay her tongue. My heart hath fear
That by her cunning she hath cheated me.

See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows!
Still prying on all sides—hath eyes behind—
I will return again into the house.
She will suspect where I have closely hid't:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest.

(*He goes into the house.*)

Staphyla, solus.

Beshrew his hand! I scarce can understand it,
But sure he is stark mad. Ten times each day
I'm driven out of doors. I' faith, insanity
Doth take possession of him. Oft, in sooth,
He sits all night to watch, like one that fears
A thief—both day and night, as would a cobbler
Whose feet were lame and could not bear themselves.
And creep time ne'er so slow, yet will it come
To Phædra. She is very near her hour.
What shall be done with her? Alas, alas!
Ah! better would it fit me much to make
Myself an I, if m'cap would buy a halter.

Enter Euclio from his house.

Euc. Then is all safe, I'll fear no other thing.
Well Staphyla, go in: look to my house:
Clap to the doors, and watch;
Fast bind, fast find.

Sta. Yea, watch: forsooth nothing, nothing at all.
What should you fear? That they'll carry it away?
Nothing can thieves steal else, 'tis all fill'd up
With cobwebs and with hollow emptiness.

Euc. 'Tis a wonder, by thy leave, that for thy sake
Great Jupiter did not make me a King Philip,
Or a Darius, thou hag, thou. Hark! I choose
To have my cobwebs watch'd. Ay, I am poor—
The gentle gods give me but this I have—
I ask no more. Hear thou me, Staphyla,

Lock up my doors, and let no creature enter.
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid thee, shut doors after thee.
Sta. Why, one may ask for fire.
Euc. Let't be put out,
Lest anybody should make that an errand.
Haste, Staphyla, now the wasted brands do glow,
And through the house do give a glimm'ring light:
Put't out, or be extinguish'd. If I quench thee
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. If any ask
For water, say 'tis all run out.
Sta. Knife, hatchet,
The pestle and the mortar—ev'ry utensil
Our neighbors ask the loan.
Euc. So thou mayst say
We were beset with thieves: all's borne away.
When I am absent, stop my house's ears—
All this beforehand counsel comprehends
Dea Bona Fortuna; she shall not be admitted.
Sta. She does not greatly care to be admitted.
I' faith, although close by she'd ne'er come in.
Euc. Hold thy tongue: in, in, in, in.
Sta. I will hold my tongue,
And of my own accord, I'll off.
Euc. Shut the doors fast
With bolts, and presently I'll be with thee.
(*Staphyla goes into the house.*)
Woe's me! I am much troubled in my mind
To leave my house. I am right loth to go,
But yet I'll go; yea, lest I be misconstru'd.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
If I tarry at home and go not when the Curio
To every several man a drachma gives—
If that should be relinquish'd, never ask'd for—

All will suspect the gold. It is not likely
An old, poor man, as unconsider'd trifles,
Would leave a piece though light. Who knows not that
Which it torments me to conceal? They look on me
And they do seem to know't. They are civil:
There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And every one doth call me by my name:
"How now Euclio?" "What, Euclio?" "Fellow!"
"How now old lad?" "What, you?"—thus much for greeting—
"Give me your hand." "What is the business?"
Well I must go whither I had set out,
And afterwards betake me to my home. (*Exit.*)

King. Madam, how like you this play?

Anne B. Staphyla protests too much, methinks.

King. O, but she'll keep her word.

Anne B. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in it?

King. No offence i' th' world.

Anne B. What do you call the play?

King. 'Tis Aululariа—a wonder to see such men's proceedings. When Euclio washed his hands, he was loth to fling away the foul water; complaining that he was undone because the smoke got out of his roof. And as he went from home seeing a crow scrat upon the muck-hill, returned in all haste, taking it for *malum omen,* an ill sign his money was digged up; with many such.

Anne B. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

King. He that will but observe their actions, shall find these and many such passages not feigned for sport but really performed, verified, indeed, by such covetous and miserable wretches, and that it is

—manifesta phrenesis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato,

A mere madness, to live like a wretch, and die rich.

Anne B. But this is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

King. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Anne B. Not worth my thinking—but when good will is shew'd though't come too short the actor may plead pardon.

King. The best in this kind are but shadows and the worst no worse, if imagination amend them.

Anne B. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

King. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come the players.

Enter Players.

Play. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

King. No more I pray you; your play needs no excuse. Never excuse. Marry, if he that writ it had played Euclio, and hung himself in Staphyla's sandal-lace, it would have been a fine tragedy. And so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd.

Anne B. This palpable, gross play hath well beguil'd the heavy gait of Night.

King. Now for new jollity.

Sweets and wine brought in.

Fair eyes! the mirror of my mazèd heart,
What wondrous virtue is contain'd in you,
The which both life and death forth from you dart
Into the object of your mighty view?
Through your bright beams, doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound;
But angels come to lead frail minds to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound:
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
You calm the storm that passion did begin,

Strong through your cause, but by your virtue weak.
Dark is the world, where your light shineth never:
Well is he born, that may behold you ever.

Anne B. A thousand thanks.

King. The pretty and sweet manner of it!
(*Speaking to himself.*)
A lip sweet ruby red grac'd with delight;
A cheek wherein, for interchange of hue,
A wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose;
Her eyes two twinkling stars in winter nights,
When chilling frosts do clear the azure sky.
Thine eyes and cheek proclaim thee, Lady Anne,
As full of spirit as the month of May.
Your spirits shine through you.
A virtuous maid. (*Speaking to himself.*)
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh thou art!

Anne B. Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Anne B. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that. (*They withdraw.*)

Lord. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

La. Ma. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Lord. Nay then, two treys,—and if you grow so nice,—
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey—well run dice—
There's half a dozen sweets.

La. Ma. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Lord. One word in secret.

La. Ma. Let it not be sweet.

Lord. Thou griev'st my gall.

La. Ma. Gall? bitter.

Lord. Therefore meet.

L. San. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings.
Lord. Tune on, my pipe, the praises of my love,
And, 'midst thy oaten harmony, recount
How fair she is that makes thy music mount,
And every string of thy heart's harp to move.
Shall I compare her form unto the sphere
Whence sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine?
Ah, more than that, by just compare, is thine
Whose crystal looks the cloudy heavens do clear.
L. Cham. What thing is love? It is a power divine
That reigns in us, or else a wreakful law
That dooms our minds to beauty to incline:
It is a star whose influence doth draw
Our hearts to love, dissembling of his might
Till he be master of our hearts and sight.
Card. Love's a desire, which, for to wait a time
Doth lose an age of years and so doth pass,
As doth the shadow, sever'd from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yet never was:
Leaving behind naught but repentant thoughts,
Of days ill-spent, for that which profits naught.
L. San. Sweet Lords, who sees the heavenly Rosaline
That—like a rude and savage man of Ind,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east—
Bows not his vassal head, and strooken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
Sir H. Every man attach the hand of his fair mistress:
We will with some strange pastime solace them—
Such as the shortness of the time can shape—
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,

Forerun fair Love strewing her way with flowers.

L. Cham. Ladies,
To entertain your thoughts until the day,
May we present you hourly with fresh objects—
And delicate—pretty and pleasing fancies
In you t' beget. May you on pure meats feed,
Easy o' concoction, and drink that that will turn
Quickly to blood, to make your dreams the clearer,
And finer your imaginations.

Enter Genius, Flora, Venus and six attendant Nymphs.

Genius.

Fair Venus, lady-president of love,
If any entertainment in this place
That can afford but homely, rude, and base,
It please your godhead to accept in gree,
That gracious thought our happiness shall be.

Flora.

And we will wait, with all observance due,
And do just honor to this heavenly crew.

(*Strews the floor with flowers.*)

Venus.

Yea, my delight is all in joyfulness,
In beds, in bowers, in banquets, and in feasts.

Enter Cupid in his chariot guarded with the maskers dressed in cloth of silver.

SONG.

O how came Love that is himself a fire
To be so cold?
Yes, tyran Money quenches all desire,
Or makes it old.
But here are beautics will revive
Love's youth and keep his heart alive:
As often as his torch here dies
He needs but light it at fresh eyes.

Cupid.

I have my spirits again and feel my limbs.
Away with this cold cloud that dims
My light. Lie there my furs and charms,
Love feels the heat that inward warms
And guards him naked, in these places
As at his birth, or 'mongst the Graces.

Venus.

What myster wights are these, and whence deriv'd,
That in such strange disguisement here do mask?
And by what accident are they arriv'd?

Cupid.

Palmers are they, their feeble hearts wide lanc'd
With cruel wounds of love.

Venus.

Choose where thou lov'st;
Be she as fair as Love's sweet lady is,
She shall be yours if that will be your bliss.

(*All join hands and dance.*)

1. *Mask.* If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Lady. Good pilgrim,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this,
For saints have hands that pilgrim hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

1. *Mask.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Lady. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

1. *Mask.* O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray—grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Lady. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

1. *Mask.* Then move not while my prayer's effect I take;
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.
Lady. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
1. *Mask.* Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd:
Give me my sin again.
Lady. You kiss by th' book.
Anne B. Such a palmer ne'er was seen
'Less Love himself had palmer been.
Yet for all he is so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint;
'Midst the riches of his face,
Grief decipher'd high disgrace.
Every step strain'd a tear;
Sudden sighs shew'd his fear;
And yet his fear by his sight
Ended in a strange delight;
That his passion did approve
Weeds and sorrow were for love.
Sir H. The gray-ey'd Morn smiles on the frowning Night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And darkness, fleckled, like a drunkard reels
From forth Day's pathway made by Titan's wheels.
King. Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye
The Day to cheer, your grace, I will withdraw.
Card. Is it e'en so? Why then I thank you all;
I thank you honest gentlemen, good night;
Good night, sweet Prince, good night; good night, sweet ladies;
Good night, good night. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quarta.

Enter SIR JOHN RUSSELL *and* THOMAS WYAT. *To them enter Dukes of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Sir J. Young Thomas Wyat, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake?

Wyat. I have, Sir John, and with embolden'd soul
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Sir J. Now by the honor of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Thomas Wyat.

Wyat. I thank you, sir: the great desire I have
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
Pisa and Florence, fruitful Lombardy—
The pleasant garden of great Italy—
Moves me, and by my father's love I'm arm'd
With his good will and your good company.

Sir J. I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
That th' money and the matter both at once
May be deliver'd.

Wyat. Open the matter to me.

Sir J. This Cardinal doth, as an argument
Of the king's merit towards the Holy See,
To the Pope's use, great sums of money levy
Within this land—

Sur. Not for that neither, but
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
He hath for dignities.

Norf. 'Tis the King-Cardinal!
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God he do.
Norf. How holily he works
In all his business! and with what zeal!
L. Cham. He will have all, I think.
Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honors
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
L. Cham. It is most true. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Cardinal Wolsey.

Card. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Enter the Nuncio.

Nun. Hail, you anointed deputy of Heaven!
Card. You're welcome, my most learnèd, reverend sir.
Nun. The king is full of grace and fair regard?
And a true lover of the Holy Church?
Card. His majesty doth seem indifferent,
Or rather, swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us.
The custom of request you have discharg'd,
Upon our spiritual convocation;
And in regard of causes now in hand—
And for these great affairs do ask some charge—
Toward our assistance he shall make assurance
Of greater sums than I have promisèd.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope
Of thirty thousand ducats English gold.
Nun. The peace of Heaven be thine. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quinta.

Enter KING *and* CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Card. My Liege,
It multiplies the courtesy
To do it with good words and speedily.
King. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently.
Card. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition.
If I should speak of dangerous consequence
Which want upon you might reverberate,
It might to you have shew of secret menace;
T' be silent is more safe and politic;
To speak, perhaps, more honest and more loving.
This I do hold work of great piety—
A work indeed of most great consequence—
That we be in our generation wise,
And that the watchful, silent night be us'd
As well for sowing of good seed as tares.
King. But the reproach will lie upon yourself,
If 'tis not rightly carried.
Card. I warrant you:
But this give leave to say, Russell and Wyat
Will undertake it.
King. And will they undertake
To do me good?
Card. This they have promis'd, sir:
They shall be ready at your Highness' will.

King. 'Tis a good round sum.
Card. I do expect return (*Speaking to himself.*)
Of thrice three times the value. (*Exeunt.*)

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY *and* EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Card. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
North. Your grace, I urg'd it: then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of fair Anne Boleyn.
Card. She dotes as much on him, but yet his majesty,
By reason of many impediments,
Will not give his consent. What shall we do
In such a case?
North. Make him forsake her.
Card. 'Tis opposite to nature—ought not t' be so,
For her he loves and she is rich and fair.
It lies in you, my lord, to save your word,
For by his trumpets I know the king doth come.

Flourish. Enter King.

Be confident to speak, Northumberland,
We three are but thyself, and speaking so
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore be bold.
King. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;
Welcome, my lord, to this brave town. I joy
Your noble company.

North. My gracious Liege,
Of much less value is my company
Than your good words.
King. Marry, what think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? He's mad in folly.
North. This I must say, my Liege, she is a lady
Whose beauty doth astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears take captive,
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn to serve
Humbly call mistress. (*The King frowns.*)
King. What says he? Have you spoke?
North. All that he is hath reference to your Highness,
But I have sent for him to answer this.
King. Then shall we have fair Anne.
(*Speaking to himself.*)
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot. Well, call him hither:
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relics of it. But who comes here?

Enter H. Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, sir.
King. My Lord Northumberland, let him approach,
A stranger no offender, and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.
North. I shall, my Liege.
King. So stand thou forth.
Percy. My high repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All's well excus'd.
There is a fair behavior in thee, Percy,
And though that nature with a beauteous wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence.
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go,
Take him away, my lord.

North. Come on my son,
In whom my house's name must be digested.

Card. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son—
A son, who is the theme of Honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride.

King. Apt, in good faith, very apt: well go thy way,
And fare thee well, Northumberland; farewell.

(*Exeunt Northumberland and his son with the Cardinal.*)

Manet King.

I'll do my best to woo your lady, Percy.
She is a pearl: but how may I avoid—
Although my will distaste what it elected—
The wife I chose? Ah, no: in terms of choice
I was not solely led by nice discretion.
I swear, the lottery of my destiny
Barr'd me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself—
Though not without some reluctation such
As could be in those years, for I was not
Twelve years of age—to be contracted thus

With Princess Katherine, my election
Had been the Archduke's daughter—no evasion
To blench from that, and to stand firm by honor.

Re-enter Wolsey.

Would I had never married with the queen.

Card. Ha! But I pray you, sir, are you fast married?

King. Be assur'd of this.

Card. The marriage is not lawful.
As marriage binds, blood breaks; and Katherine,
The widow to Prince Arthur, could not, sir,
According to our law—i' th' Word of God
Immediately provided in that case—
Become thy wife.

King. Nay, the main question is,
The plentitude o' th' Pope's pow'r of dispensing.

Card. The Pope is dispensator, of a truth,
But ne'ertheless sin lies at door, my Lord,
And conscience to accuse us is alone
A thousand witnesses; continual testor
To give in evidence, a jury to impanel
T' examine us, and to cry guilty, guilty;
A persecutor with an hue and cry
To follow; an apparitor to summon us;
Bailiff to carry us; sergeant to arrest;
Attorney ready still 'gainst us to plead;
A jailor to torment and judge t' condemn.
The five grand miseries in Aristotle—
Need, ignominy, sickness, enmity,
And death—may grind our souls; but this of conscience,
Accusing still, denouncing and molesting,
Is greatest torture. Ah, your Majesty,
A gallèd conscience is another hell.

King. Ay, ay, at last this conscience doth arrest us,
Respecting this our marriage with the queen,

The dowager, sometime our brother's wife.

Card. After many pleasant days and merry tides,
Most fortunate adventures, good my Liege,
A fearful visitation oft doth follow:
The devil that then told you 'twas no sin,
Or light, if sin at all, now aggravates
And telleth you that an offence it is
Most irremissible, as erst by Judas
And Cain he did to bring them to despair.
Your Majesty, there is a Nemesis,—
It cannot choose but grieve and trouble you.

King. No tongue can tell, no heart conceive my pain.
'Tis tedious, irksome, an epitome of hell,
An extract, a quintessence, a compound,
A mixture of all feral maladies,
Tyrannical tortures, plagues, perplexities.
There is no sickness almost but that physic
For it provideth straightway remedy;
To every sore, chirurgery will provide
A salve; friendship helps poverty; and hope
Of liberty easeth imprisonment;
Favor and suit do banishment revoke;
Authority and time wear out reproach:
But what known physic, what chirurgery,
What wealth, what favor, what authority,
Can e'er relieve, bear out, assuage, expel,
A troubled conscience?

Card. Resolution
Of a divorce, my Lord, is not unworthy
Your Majesty's consideration.
The sin must be corrected—counterpois'd.

King. I do desire the like.

Card. My chance is now (*Speaking to himself.*)
To use it for my time.
My Lord, a brother

Of gracious order's late come from the See
In special business for his Holiness.
King. What news abroad i' th' world?
Card. Colonna's brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S' incapable of help; and desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence
That Rome can make against him.
Through all estates I find that he hath pass'd
And wrought such spoil, such havoc, and such theft,
That endless were to tell; into the cloisters
O' th' monasteres with might and main hath broken,
Through which the monks he here and there pursueth,
And searcheth all their cells, regarding naught
Religion nor their holy hest. From thence
Into the sacred Church he now hath broken,
Hath robb'd the chancel, and the altar foul'd,
And treadeth under foot her holy things.
Old monuments and books are burn'd like straw,
Relics and costly pictures are defac'd,
Rich hangings, carpets, trampled in the dirt;
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He hath disrob'd; of their habiliments,
Despoil'd the priests; and all that he could find—
By right or wrong—made spoil or cast to ground.
All is confounded and disorder'd there.
King. And where is Clement?
Card. The Pope, your Majesty,
And divers cardinals at Saint Angelo
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
King. Upon thine honor is he prisoner?
Card. Upon mine honor he is prisoner.
King. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan!
You will we circumvent and subjugate.
My good Lord Cardinal, this and what needful else

That call'st upon us by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
(*Cardinal about to withdraw.*)
Nay, go not from us thus.
Card. Here is Sir John.
Give him direction how he shall proceed,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight.

Enter Sir John Russell.

Sir J. Sir John stands to his word.
Card. Welcome, Sir John:
Thou bring'st me happiness and peace.
King. My lord,
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
(*Exit Cardinal.*)
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Clement.
Sir J. Give him gold;
And though authority be a stubborn bear,
Yet is he oft led by the nose with gold.
The question is concerning your own marriage?
King. Ay, there's the point: but this is not the question
You may discuss, look you.
Sir J. Marry, is it,
The very point of it.
King. No; 'tis a secret
That must be lockt within the teeth and lips.
Exactly do all points of my command.
Sir J. To the syllable.
King. You shall first, Sir John, receive
The sum of money which I promisèd
Should be deliver'd to his Holiness.
He hath pluckt on France to give him annual tribute;
Take that, the Pope to strengthen and support.

Sir J. Ay, that I will.
King. And so to Naples say,
"Stay thy revengeful hand and stand in awe:
Live in subjection to the See of Rome."

Enter Cardinal.

Card. My gracious Lord,
Here is the bag of gold.
King. Here is the money, good Sir John, in hand.
Sir J. And it is meet I presently set forth.
King. Farewell.
Sir J. Farewell, my Lord. (*Exit.*)
King. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies.
Come let's go.

Scena Secunda.

Enter PERCY, *solus.*

The sweet content of men that live in love,
Breeds fretting humors in a restless mind;
For lordly Love is such a tyrant fell
That where he rules all power he doth expel;
And Fancy, being check'd by Fortune's spite,
Grows too impatient in her sweet desires;
Sweet to those men whom Love leads on to bliss,

But sour to me whose hap is still amiss.
Yet howsoe'er I love I must be wise.
Canst thou brook any rivals in thy love?
She hath another lover. She is gone.
I am abus'd and my relief must be
To loathe her. I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapors of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Ha! look where she comes.

Enter Anne Boleyn.

If she be false, Heaven mockt itself:
I'll not believe it. My life upon her faith!
Come Anne, I've but an hour to spend with thee:
We must obey the time.

Anne B. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Percy. What will I do think'st thou? What should I do?

Anne B. Pine not away for that which cannot be.

Percy. I cannot joy in any earthly bliss,
So long as I do want my fairest Anne.

Anne B. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me.

Percy. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd Death!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Anne B. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow.

Percy. Amen to that.
Sweet Powers, it is too much of joy; and this,
And this, the greatest discords be, that e'er
Our hearts shall make. Have patience, gentle Anne.
Anne B. I must where is no remedy, Lord Percy.
Percy. When possibly I can, I will return.
Anne B. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy dear Anne's sake.
Percy. Why then we'll make exchange; here take you this.
Anne B. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
Percy. Here is my hand, for my true constancy:
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein, dear Anne, I sigh not for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour, some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.
My father stays my coming—answer not—
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears,
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
My Anne, farewell: what, gone without a word?
(*Exit Anne Boleyn.*)
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir Harry, you are stay'd for.
Percy. Go: I come, I come: (*Exit Servant.*)
Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
And will she bend her thoughts to change? Unkind!
O Percy, what contrarious thoughts be these
That flock with doubtful motions to thy mind?
Anne Boleyn—ah, that sweet and heavenly name,
Life to my life and essence to my joy!—
Yet shepherds in their songs of solace sing
Anne Boleyn now doth love none but the king. (*Exit.*)

Scena Tertia.

Enter LADY ROCHFORD *and* ANNE BOLEYN.

La. Roch. Fair Anne, if you might choose the greatest good,
'Midst all the world in blessings that abound,
Wherein, my daughter, should your liking be?
Anne B. Not in delights, nor pomp, nor majesty.
La. Roch. And why?
Anne B. Since these are means to draw the mind
From perfect good, and make true judgment blind.
La. Roch. Might you have wealth and Fortune's richest store!
Anne B. Yet would I, might I choose, be honest poor;
For she that sits at Fortune's feet a-low
Is sure she shall not taste a further woe,
But those that prank on top of Fortune's ball
Still fear a change, and fearing, catch a fall.
Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
La. Roch. But Anne, dear, you are fair, and beauty shines
And seemeth best where pomp her pride refines.
You've, too, a woman's heart which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty.
Anne B. Nay, by my troth, I would not be a queen,
No, not for all the riches under heaven.
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content.
I would not be a queen for all the world.

La. Roch. Tut, foolish maid, each one contemneth need.

Anne B. Good reason why, they know not good indeed.

La. Roch. Many marry, then, on whom distress doth lour.

Anne B. Yes, they that virtue deem an honest dower.
Madam, by right this world I may compare
Unto my work, wherein with heedful care
The heavenly workman plants with curious hand,
As I with needle draw each thing on land,
Even as he list: some men like to the rose
Are fashion'd fresh; some in their stalks do close,
And, born, do sudden die; some are but weeds,
And yet from them a secret good proceeds:
I with my needle, if I please, may blot
The fairest rose within my cambric plot;
God with a beck can change each worldly thing,
The poor to rich, the beggar to the king.

La. Roch. Peace Anne, for here are strangers near at hand.

Enter Messenger with letters.

Mes. Madam, God speed.

La. Roch. I thank you gentle squire.

(*Anne offers to go out.*)

Mes. Stay, courteous ladies; favor me so much
As to discourse a word or two apart.

La. Roch. Good sir, my daughter learns this rule of me,
To shun resort and strangers' company;
For some are shifting mates that carry letters,
Some, such as you, too good because our betters.

Mes. Behold, fair lady, to assure your stay,
I here present the signet of the king,

Who now by me, O fairest Anne, salutes you:
And since in secret I have certain things
In his behalf, good madam, to impart,
I crave your daughter to discourse apart.

La. Roch. She shall in humble duty be addrest
To do his highness' will in what she may.

Anne B. Now, gentle sir, what would his grace with me?

Mes. Fair, comely nymph, the beauty of your face,
Sufficient to bewitch the Heavenly Powers,
Hath wrought so much in him that now of late
He finds himself made captive unto love;
For though his power and majesty require
A straight command before an humble suit,
Yet he his mightiness doth so abase
As to entreat your favor, honest maid.

Anne B. Is he not married, sir, unto our queen?

Mes. He is.

Anne B. And are not they by God accurst
That sever them whom he hath knit in one?

Mes. They be: what then? we seek not to displace
The princess from her seat; but, since by love
The king is made your own, he is resolv'd
In private to accept your dalliance,
In spite of war, or watch, or worldly eye.

Anne B. O, how he talks! as if he should not die!
As if that God in justice once could wink
Upon that fault I am asham'd to think!

Mes. He shall erect your state and wed you well.

Anne B. But can his warrant keep my soul from hell?

Mes. He will enforce if you resist his suit.

Anne B. 'Tis vain allurement that doth make him love;
I shame to hear, be you asham'd to move.

Mes. Will you despise the king and scorn him so?

Anne B. In all allegiance I would serve his grace,
But not in lust: O, how I blush to name it!
So counsel him, but soothe thou not his sin.

Mes. Will you not, madam, grant his highness this?

Anne B. As I have said, in duty I am his:
My mind will never grant what I perceive
His highness aims at. It doth ill beseem him.

Mes. I see this labor lost, my hope in vain;
(*Speaking to himself.*)
Yet will I try another drift again.
Say that King Henry take thee for his queen.

Anne B. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord.
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
Tell him, "I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine."

Mes. Answer no more, for thou shalt be his queen.
An endless work is this: how should I frame it?
(*Speaking to himself. Exeunt.*)

Scena Quarta.

Enter the KING *and* BISHOP. *The Gentlemen of the Privy Council go out.*

King. When such grim sirs are gone, I see no let
To work my will.

Bish. What! like the eagle, then,
With often flight wilt thou thy feathers lose?

O King, canst thou endure to see thy court
Of finest wits and judgments dispossest,
Whilst cloaking craft with soothing climbs so high
As each bewails ambition is so bad?
Thy father left thee with estate and crown,
And learnèd counsel to direct thy course:
These carelessly, O King, thou castest off
To entertain a train of sycophants.
Thou well mayst see, although thou wilt not see,
That every eye and ear both sees and hears—
The certain signs of thine incontinence.
Thou art allied unto the emperor
By marriage; a happy friend indeed,
If usèd well, if not, a mighty foe.
Thinketh your Grace, he can endure and brook
To have a partner in Queen Katherine's love?
Thinketh your Grace, the grudge of privy wrongs
Will not procure him change his smiles to threats?
O be not blind to good, call home your lords,
Love, and with kindness take your wedlock wife;
Or else, which God forbid, I fear a change:
Sin cannot thrive in courts without a plague.

King. Yea, but thou urgest me again, my lord,
To persevere in sin, and to do worse,
By my own weakness and my willfulness,
Than e'er I did before, for Katherine,
The dowager—how often shall I say it?—

Bish. Thy sometime brother's wife
With her companion, Grief, must end her life.

King. Ay; both the seal of faith and marriage-bed
Were sinful facts, and you may read at large
The law requires obedience, my lord,
Or punishment. I say 'tis God's just judgment
In bringing these calamities upon us,
This blindness and this obstinacy of ours

To punish, and chastise us for our sin.
"If they will not obey the Lord," we read,
"His ordinances and His commandments keep,
Then all these curses shall upon them come:
Cursèd in the town and in the field; cursèd
I' th' fruit of the body." Note you: her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
The world had air'd them.

Bish. Yet for all these terrors
Of conscience, and affrighting punishments,
I see no reason why you should despair.
For all offences there are dispensations,
And plenary remission of all sins;
So gentle and so parable a pardon,
With so small cost and suit obtain'd—my Lord,
I cannot see how he that hath such friends,
And money in his purse, should be so troubled,
So desperate, or any way miscarry.
The Church's prayers shall make you prosperous.

King. The Church? where is it? had not churchmen pray'd,
This scrupulous conscience had not tortur'd us.

Bish. You know that I am legate to the Pope,
Then may I speak my conscience in the cause.
On your allegiance to the See of Rome,
Subscribe unto his judgment.

King. Nay, your grace,
Sans scandal to the Holy See of Rome,
Our scruple to the voice of Christendom
'Tis fit we should commit.

Bish. Ay, it is fit
For your Majesty only.

King. So I say: 'tis fit.

Bish. Is there no derogation in it?

King. None.

Bish. You cannot derogate, my Lord?
King. I think,
Not easily.
Bish. What your good pleasure will,
My Lord, that follow: be it far from me
To take exceptions 'yond my privilege.
King. The truth by trial only may be found.
(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL *of* SURREY, *and* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Suf. The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' th' king, wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment o' th' divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Boleyn.
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
L. Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder. This from the king's mouth:
"'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up: strange is it that our bloods

Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous—save what thou dislik'st,
Poor Viscount Rochford's daughter—thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so.
From lowest place, whence virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed.
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor. Fair Anne Boleyn,
I can create the rest: virtue and thee
Are thine own dower: honor and wealth from me."

Sur. Who sail by her are sure of wind at will,
Her face is dangerous and her sight is ill;
But our fond king, not knowing sin in lust,
Makes love by endless means and precious gifts:
And men that see it, dare not say't, my friend,
But we may wish that it were otherwise.
And yet, in sooth, my lord, it may be said
The king hath folly, there's virtue in the maid.

Suf. But tell me, my Lord Chamberlain, is the maid
Evil-inclin'd, misled, or concubine
Unto the king or any other lord?

L. Cham. Should I be brief and true, then thus, my lord:
All England's ground yields not a blither lass,
Nor Europe can surpass her for her gifts
Of virtue, honor, beauty and the rest.
This may be left to some ears unrecounted,
For 'tis but young, my lord; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord,
For I profess you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction.

Suf. My amen to 't.

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing on this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the king
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry, amen.

Suf. No, no:
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' th' king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our Cardinal
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried *ha!* at this.

L. Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry *ha!* louder.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges,
Almost, in Christendom: shortly—I believe—
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pains
In the king's business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal.
Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
L. Cham. Ay, all that dare look into these affairs
See this main end, the French king's sister.
All. Ha!
Card. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand in's bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind: a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Card. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I think by this he is.
Card. Leave me awhile. (*Exit Cromwell.*)
It shall be to the Duchess of Alencon,
The French king's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Boleyn? No; I'll no Anne Boleyns for him:
There's more in't than fair visage. Boleyn?
No we'll no Boleyns.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke?
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. Maybe he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Card. The late queen's gentlewoman?
A knight's daughter

To be her mistress' mistress? her queen's queen?
This candle burns not clear,—'tis I must snuff it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause. That she should lie i' th' bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king! Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one—Cranmer—one
Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vext at something.

Suf. The king, the king.

Enter King reading a schedule.

King. How now, my lords, saw you
The Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have stood here
Observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain.

King. It may well be there is
A mutiny in his mind. Note you; this morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There—on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuff and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.

King. Take notice, lords,
He has a loyal breast.

(*Exit King frowning upon the Cardinal, to whom he hands the schedule.*

Card. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fear the story of his anger. 'Tis so:
This paper has undone me: 'tis th' accompt
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends,—indeed to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome.—O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross divel
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly: yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? *To th' Pope?*
The letter—as I live—with all the business
I writ to's Holiness. Nay then, farewell:
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. A long farewell!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,

This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O how wretchèd
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!

(*Exit.*)

Actus Tertius.

Enter Genius.

Rise Thamesis. Up thou tame River, wake,
And from thy liquid limbs this slumber shake;
Thou drown'st thyself in inofficious sleep,
And these thy sluggish waters seem to creep,
Rather than flow. Up, rise and swell with pride
Above thy banks. Now is not every tide. (*Exit.*)

Enter Thamesis.

To what vain end should I contend to show
My weaker powers, when seas of pomp o'erflow
The City's face, and cover all the shore
With sands more rich than Tagus' wealthy ore;
When in the flood of joy that comes with him
He drowns the world, yet makes it live and swim
And spring with gladness? (*Exit.*)

Enter Chorus.

Lo, lo, there is he,
Who brings with him a greater Anne than she
Whose strong and potent virtues have defac'd
Stern Mars, his statues, and upon them plac'd
His, and the world's best blessings: this hath brought
Sweet Peace to sit in that bright state she ought,
Unbloody or untroubled; hath forc'd hence
All tumults, fears, and other dark portents,
That might invade weak minds; hath made men see
Once more the face of welcome Liberty,
And doth—in all his present acts—restore
The first pure world, made of the better ore.
Men shall put off their iron minds, and hearts,
The Time forget his old malicious arts
With this new minute; and no print remain
Of what was thought the former ages' stain.
What all the minutes, hours, weeks, months and years,
That hang in file upon these silver hairs,
Could not produce beneath the Briton stroke,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman yoke,
This point of Time hath done. Now, London, rear
Thy forehead high, and on it strive to wear
Thy choicest gems; teach thy steep towers to rise
Higher with people; set with sparkling eyes
Thy spacious windows; and in every street
Let thronging joy, love, and amazement meet.
Cleave all the air with shouts, and let the cry
Strike through as long, and universally,
As thunder; for thou now art blest to see
That sight for which thou didst begin to be.
And here she comes that is no less a part
In this day's greatness, than in my glad heart:
Glory of queens, and glory of your name,

Whose graces do as far outspeak your fame
As fame doth, silence.

(*A procession of boats seen on the river.*)

Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen meeting one another.

1. *Gent.* You're well met once again.

2. *Gent.* So are you.

1. *Gent.* You come to take your stand here and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2. *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. Being at Greenwich—
From whence set forth in pomp and royalty,
Guarded with Graces and with gracious trains,
She came adornèd hither like sweet May—
I eyed them to their boats. A royal train,
Believe me.

1. *Gent.* I know't too well.

2. *Gent.* The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,—
As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward,—
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honor.

1. *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor I'll assure you better taken, sir.

2. *Gent.* I have not wink'd once since I saw these sights.
The press of boats, or pride—be it either which—
Made Thamesis to mount above the banks:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,

Burnt on the water: silver shew'd the oars
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth of gold, of tissue—
(Her white attire semin'd with gold; her hair
Long, loose and large, flowing down) as he had set her
In a shower of gold and hail'd rich pearls upon her.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel.
Her gentlewomen, like so many nymphs,
Attended her i' th' eyes. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hit the sense
Of the adjacent wharves. The City cast
Her people out upon her.

1. *Gent.* Royal wench!
Her bed is India, there she lies a pearl.

2. *Gent.* Our king's as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
I cannot blame his conscience: for a thought
Of added grace would be to paint the lily,
Or throw a perfume on the violet.

1. *Gent.* But I beseech you, what's become of
Katherine,
The princess dowager? How goes her business?

2. *Gent.* That I can tell you too. She was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect,
Since which, she was remov'd to Kymbolton
Where she remains now sick.

1. *Gent.* But is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this?

2. *Gent.* Alas!

1. *Gent.* The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen
is coming. (*Hautboys.*)

The Order of Coronation.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets;

2. Then two Judges.

3. Lord Chancellor with purse and mace before him.

4. Choristers singing. Music.

5. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head he wore a gilt copper crown.

6. Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey bearing the rod of silver, with the dove; crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

7. Duke of Suffolk in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

8. A canopy, borne by four of the Cinque-Ports; under it the Queen in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

9. The old Duchess of Norfolk in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

10. Certain Ladies and Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

Exeunt. First passing over the stage in order and state, and then a great flourish of trumpets.

2. *Gent.* Who's that that bears the scepter?

1. *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.

2. *Gent.* A bold, brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis the same: high steward.

2. *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1. *Gent.* Yes.

2. *Gent.* Royal Queen,
Possest with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence! Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

1. *Gent.* She is a theme of honor and renown:
A peerless queen, a royal princely dame.

2. *Gent.* Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

1. *Gent.* They that bear
The cloth of honor o'er her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2. *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1. *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2. *Gent.* Their coronets say so. They are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

1. *Gent.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

2. *Gent.* God save you, sir. Where have you been broiling?

3. *Gent.* Among the crowd i' th' Abbey where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of this general joy.

2. *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?

3. *Gent.* That I did.

1. *Gent.* How was it?

3. *Gent.* Well worth seeing.

2. *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3. *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people,
Who thirst to drink the nectar of her sight.

2. *Gent.* That beauteous Cypria's peer!

3. *Gent.* Her angel face,
As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright
And made a sunshine in a shady place—
Did never mortal eye behold such grace;
Her ivory forehead; fair eyes wondrous bright,
Clear as the sky without or blame or blot,
Under the shadow of her even brows;
The vermeil red did show in her fair cheeks,
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed;
Ambrosial odors from them flew, and fed
The sense with double pleasure.

1. *Gent.* She is fair.

3. *Gent.* So fair, and thousand, thousand times more fair
She seem'd when she presented was to sight;
Such noise arose as the shrouds make at sea
In a stiff tempest—to as many tunes:
Hats, cloaks—doublets I think—flew up. Such joy
I never saw before.

2. *Gent.* But what follow'd?

3. *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar: where she kneel'd and saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again and bowed her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen—
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems—

Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she 'parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York Place, where the feast is held.

1. *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York Place, that's past;
For since the Cardinal fell that title's lost.
'Tis now the king's and call'd Whitehall.

3. *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2. *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.

3. *Gent.* Come gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us.

1. *Gent.* What more?

3. *Gent.* The king in secrecy hath Lady Anne
Long married. As I rode from Calais—

2. *Gent.* When?

3. *Gent.* Some six months since—he told me so himself:
Marry, he said he car'd not, he, who knew it.

1. *Gent.* Alas, poor Harry of England!

3. *Gent.* Two truths are told
As happy prologue to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme: that she which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, was made
The Marchioness of Pembroke.

1. *Gent.* Marchioness?
What great creation, and what dole of honor!

3. *Gent.* A thousand pounds a year—for pure respect,
No other obligation—is her dower,

Who so ennobled is as 'twere born so.

1. *Gent.* Honor and wealth.

3. *Gent.* And virtue. Who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Secunda.

Enter the QUEEN *under her canopy, who washeth and sitteth down at the center of the table under her cloth of state. On the right side of her chair, stands the* COUNTESS OF OXFORD; *on her left, the* COUNTESS OF WORCESTER. *At the table's end sits the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; *the* EARL OF OXFORD, *bearing a white staff, stands between the* ARCHBISHOP *and the* COUNTESS OF OXFORD. *Enter the sergeant-at-arms. After him, enter on horseback the high steward and the earl marshal, followed by the sewer and the Knights of the Bath, bringing in the first course, with ships of wax gorgeous to behold. Trumpets playing in the window and at the lower end of the hall.*

KING *and foreign* AMBASSADORS *looking on through a latticed window.*

King. Beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favor and the form
Of this most fair occasion.

Both. We do believe thee.

King. And Anne, my wife, in seat of majesty—
That chair where kings and queens are crown'd—hath sat
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
The diadem upon her head. Sweet Anne,
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach and compass of thy thought?

And thou deserv'st it. Fortunate and fair,
One 'pon whose heart Wisdom hath laid her crown,
And in whose hands Justice hath left her balance,
I'll for your highness pray continually
That God may pour upon you all His blessings,
And that the hour-glass of your happy reign
May run at full, and never be at wane.

1. *Ambas.* Honor attends her throne; in her bright eyes
Sits majesty; virtue and steadfastness
Possess her heart; sweet mercy sways her sword.

King. Save her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for itself embrace.
With due observance long I wooed her thus,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won,
But was as far at last as when I first begun.

2. *Ambas.* Goddess, live long, whose honors we advance. (*Exeunt.*)

Flourish of trumpets, then hautboys. Enter King and Attendants on the one side; the Queen, Bishops, Lord Chancellor, Norfolk, Suffolk and others, on the other.

King. My peerless mistress, sovereign of my peace,
Long may she joy with honor's great increase.

Bish. As by your high imperial Majesty,
I had in charge our fair queen's coronation,
I have perform'd my task, and here in presence
I humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her lordly peers,
Deliver up to your most gracious hand,
A glorious mirror of celestial grace,
And majesty divine.

King. O heavenly goddess,
I can express no kinder sign of love

Than this kind kiss: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness,
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul.
Lords, with one cheerful voice, welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen Anne, our England's happiness.

Queen. Thanks to the King of Kings for dignity,
Thanks to my Lord and husband for this honor,
And thanks to all that love their king and me.

(*Flourish.*)

L. Chan. Virtue shall witness of her worthiness,
And fame shall register her princely deeds;
The world shall still pray for her happiness,
From whom our peace and quietness proceeds.

(*Exeunt Lords.*)

Manent King and Queen.

King. Fall heavens, fleet stars, shine Phœbus' lamp no more!
This is the planet lends this world her light;
Star of my fortune this, that shineth bright;
Queen of my heart, loadstar of my delight.
If any heavenly joy in woman be,
Sweet of all sweets, sweet Anne, it is in thee.

Queen. Honor and Fortune wait upon the crown
Of princely Henry, England's valiant king.

King. My life's light and the comfort of my soul,
If wingèd Honor wait upon my throne,
I'll make her spread her plumes upon the head
Of thee, sweet Anne. Now England's lovely Queen,
Bethink thee of the greatness of thy state—
Great lady of the greatest isle, fair Queen—
How great, how famous and how fortunate,
And how to bear thyself with royalty
Above the other queens of Christendom,

That Britain thy magnificence admire.
Be all thy thoughts born perfect, and thy hopes
In their events still crown'd beyond their scopes.
Let not wide heaven that secret blessing know
To give, which she on thee will not bestow.
Blind Fortune be thy slave, and may her store—
The less thou seek'st it—follow thee the more.

Queen. Our solemn coronation service past,
My king, like Phœbus, bridegroom-like shall lead
The proudest queen that ever England knew;
My joys like waves each other overcome,
And gladness drowns where it begins to flow.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Tertia.

Enter CHORUS.

When 'gins the gladsome, sunny day to shine,
In armor bright and sheen, fair England's knights—
In honor of their peerless sovereign,
High mistress of their service, thoughts and lives—
Make to the tilt amain; and trumpets sound,
And princely coursers neigh and champ the bit:
When all—addrest for deeds of high *devoir*—
Press to the sacred presence of their prince,
The field is all about enclos'd with lists
The press of people far away to bar;
And at the one side, judges are dispos'd
To view and deem this day the deeds of arms;

And on the other side, Henry, the king,
Among them all a worthy man of mark,
Is set to see the fortune of the fray,
With warlike bands of earls, and lords, and knights,
That wear the garter sacred to Saint George.
At last forth comes the far renownèd queen,
With royal pomp and princely majesty.
Unto the palèd green fair Anne is brought,
And plac'd beneath the stately canopy
Upon a stage, to see and to be seen,
The whiles shrill trumpets and loud clarions play.
Lo, in this triumph that true subjects make,
Envied of none but enemies of the truth,
Her enemies, that serves the living Lord
And puts in him her confidence and trust,
Behold I come in place, now to describe—
That all may see how well she is belov'd—
What troop of loyal English knights in arms,
Right richly mounted and appointed all,
Hold jousts in honor of her holiday.
Among this stirring company of knights
That at the tilt in fair habiliments
'Gin show themselves, two gentlemen of name—
Lord William Howard and Sir Nicholas Carew—
Come mounted and appointed gallantly
Resolv'd to run, in honor of the day,
Contending rivals of each other's praise.
First, Howard, ramping lion-like, comes on,
Gracious in his beginnings at the tilt,
Pleasing to her to whom he doth present
His person and the service of this day—
And all the days and minutes of his life:
Bravely he bears him in his mistress' eye
And breaks his staves and lets the shivers fly.
Along the tilt Carew and Howard go

Swift as the swallow, or that Greekish nymph
That seem'd to overfly the ears of corn:
And break they do; they miss not, as I ween,
And all is done in honor of their queen.
Long may they run in honor of the day,
Long may she live to do them honor's right,
To grace their sports and them as she hath done,
England's Astræa, Albion's shining sun!
And may she shine in beauty fresh and sheen
Hundreds of years, our thrice renownèd queen.
Write Clio, write; write and record her story,
Dear in Heaven's eye, her court and country's glory.
(*Exit.*)

Enter the King, Queen, Lords and Ladies of the Court to witness the tournament.

Queen. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men.

Lady. The trumpets sound.

Queen. And yonder comes the troop.

Knight. Hail, all you state of England! what shall be
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? Will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Howard bade ask.

King. Which way would Howard have it?

Knight. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Queen. 'Tis done like Howard, but securely done;
A little proudly, and great deal disprising
The knight oppos'd.

Lord. O fair Queen, weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride, is courtesy.

Queen. Go gentle knight; as you and Viscount
Rochford

Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it—either to the uttermost
Or else a breach.
King. They are oppos'd already. (*Alarum.*)
Lord. They are in action.
Lady. A mighty man,
Valiant in arms, gentle and debonair,
Is Carew.
Queen. Ay.
King. Bravely ran Howard, ha!
Lady. A gallant lord, richly array'd is he,
He and his train.
King. Carew is well acquainted with the place,
And to the tilt proudly he made approach.
Lord. His steed's well taught.
King. Himself fitted in all.
Lady. His courser's neighs and plays are princely too.
King. Redoubted knights they.
Queen. Gallant cavaliers,
And such they show'd as were King Arthur's knights
He whilom us'd to feast at Camelot.
King. Or like in my conceit, King Priam's sons
Had left Elysium and the field of Mars
To celebrate thy holiday.
Queen. 'Tis hard
To say which did the best, so valiantly
They jousted.
King. Mighty strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemèd death in them to bear,
But they were both so watchful and well-ey'd
They were avoided. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imperial AMBASSADOR *and a Lord of the Court.*

Im. Amb. These things are but toys to come amongst such serious observations; but yet, since princes will have such things, it is better they should be grac'd with elegancy, than daubed with cost.

Lord. Dancing to song is a thing of great state and pleasure.

Im. Amb. I understand it that the song be in choir, placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken music.

Lord. Ay, as he said, in some high place above you all.

Im. Amb. I am a mere spectator. Acting in song, especially in dialogue, hath an extreme good grace; I say acting,—not dancing, for that is a mean and vulgar thing.

Lord. It is true, the alterations of scenes, so it be quietly and without noise, are things of great beauty and pleasure: for they feed and relieve the eye before it be full of the same object. Turning dances into a figure is a childish curiosity, yet did but Venus tread a dainty step, lords of the South and princes of esteem would follow, even at the heels, in golden multitudes. She is the grace of all that are.

(*Fays dance. A full song follows by all the voices.*)

Song.

The solemn rites are well begun;
And, though but lighted by the moon,
They show as rich as if the sun
Had made this night his noon.
But may none wonder that they are so bright,
The moon now borrows from a greater light

Than princely Oberon.
Go on,
This is not every night.
Nay, nay,
You must not stay,
Nor be weary yet;
This's no time to cast away,
Or for fays so to forget
The virtue of their feet.

(*They dance again.*)

Enter King, Queen, and Court masked for the dance.

King. See, your guests approach.
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Queen. You are welcome, sirs.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
Seeming, and savor all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance be to both, and welcome.

1. *Lord.* O fair one, well you fit our ages thus
With flowers of winter.

Queen. The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyflowers—
Which some call nature's bastards—of that kind
I care not to get slips, for I have heard
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

2. *Lord.* Say there be:
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean: so over that art—
Which you say adds to nature—is an art
That nature makes: you see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art

Which does 'mend nature: change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Queen. So it is.

Ah, welcome gentlemen. Here's flowers for you:
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they're given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

3. *Lord.* 'Twere better give a thing a sign of love,
Unto a mighty person or a king.

Queen. Yea, doubtless, thou say'st truly. Fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' th' spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon: daffodils that come
Before the swallow dares and take the winds
Of March with beauty: or pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds—
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
At Whitsun-Pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

King. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ordering of your affairs,

To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing—
So singular in each particular—
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queen's.

Queen. O, Doricles,
Your praises are too large.

King. But come, our dance;
I pray your hand, my Queen: so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Queen. I'll swear for 'em.

King. With measure heap'd in joy to the measures fall. (*A dance.*)

1. *Lord.* He tells her something makes her blood look on't.

3. *Lord.* She dances featly.

2. *Lord.* So she does anything.

Enter Colin with five or six other Maskers. Torchbearers.

Colin. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

1. *Mask.* The date is out of such prolixity.
We'll have no Cupid, hoodwinkt with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper.
But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Colin. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy I will bear the light.

2. *Mask.* Nay, gentle Colin, we must have you dance.

Colin. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles; 'tis well, so to your pleasures,
I am for other than for dancing measures.

3. *Mask.* Stay, Colin, stay.

Colin. To see no pastime, I:
What you would have, I'll stay to know.

All. Proceed.

(*Colin advances and sings his passion of love.*)

O gentle Love, ungentle for thy deed,
Thou mak'st my heart
A bloody mark,
With piercing shot to bleed!
Shoot soft, sweet Love, for fear thou shoot amiss,
For fear too keen
Thy arrows been,
And hit the heart where my beloved is.
Too fair that fortune were, nor never I
Shall be so blest,
Among the rest,
That Love shall seize on her by sympathy.
Then since with Love my prayers bear no boot,
This doth remain
To ease my pain,
I take the wound and die at Venus' foot.

3. *Lord.* And whither wends yon thriveless swain?
Seeks he *dictamnum,* like to stricken deer,
For's wound?

1. *Lord.* He wends to greet the Queen of Love,
Whose sweetness doth both gods and creatures move.

Enter Shepherdess.

Shep. Colin, my heart's contentment and my choice,
Use thou thy pipe and I will use my voice.

Colin. Well gentle nymph, although you do me wrong
That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,
Me list this once, shepherdess, for thy sake
This idle task on me to undertake.

Begin some toy that I can play upon
This pipe of mine.

Shep. There is a pretty sonnet—
We call it Cupid's Curse: the note is fine
And quick withal.

Colin. No better thing, begin.

(*They sing, and whilst the Shepherdess sings he pipes.*)

Shep. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.
Colin. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.
Shep. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!
Both. They that do change, etc.
Shep. Fair and fair, etc.
Colin. Fair and fair, etc.
Thy love is fair, etc.

Shep. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,—
Colin. They that do change, etc.
Both. Fair and fair, etc.

Queen. It is enough: we tarry here too long.

King. Withdraw you from this presence for a space
Till we have throughly question'd of the case:
Dian shall be your guide; nor shall you need
Yourself t'enquire how things do here succeed;
We will, as we resolve, give you to know
How everything doth speed.

Queen. Thy will my wish. (*Exeunt Ladies.*)

King. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair. (*Exit.*)

Im. Ambas. Alas, how should you govern any kingdom
That know not how to use ambassadors?
Nor how to be contented with one wife?
Nor how to study for the people's welfare?
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? (*Exit.*)

1. *Lord.* I fear me Colin shall but rue his deed.

2. *Lord.* A deed too far unworthy of this place.

3. *Lord.* Yet if they be unmovèd in their shames,
Be it a stain and blemish to their names.

1. *Lord.* If ever he have child abortive be it,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view,
And that be heir to his unhappiness.

2. *Lord.* Let her be made more miserable by his death.

1. *Lord.* No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

3. *Lord.* She better would have fitted me, or Percy.

1. *Lord.* Alas, poor fellow: is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

3. *Lord.* In choosing for yourself you shew'd your judgment,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To be the broker in my own behalf.

1. *Lord.* I'll tell you what, I think it is our way
If we will keep in favor with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery.

2. *Lord.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.

1. *Lord.* My lords, forbear this talk, here comes the king.

3. *Lord.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Enter King.

King. Yea, good my lord, are you offended too,
That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

1. *Lord.* Not I, my Liege.

King. Lords, how like you our choice?

2. *Lord.* She's fair and virtuous, but, pardon me—

King. Setting your scorns and your mislikes aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Anne
Should not become my wife, and England's queen?
Speak freely what you think.

3. *Lord.* She that is queen
Is now dishonorèd by this new marriage.

King. Ay, what of that? It was my will I say,
And for this once my will shall stand for law. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Queen, Archbishop, Lords, and Ladies.

Queen. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess,
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

Enter King.

King. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee
So long as Henry is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands,
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Arch. I hear, yet say not much but think the more.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quinta.

Enter several Lords making a noise with horns and hounds.

1. *Lord.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay
And wake King Henry and his lovely bride,
And rouse the lords and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge as it is ours
To attend King Henry's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

(*Wind horns.*)

Many good morrows to your Majesty:
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promisèd your Grace a hunter's peal.

King. And you have rung it lustily, my lord,
Somewhat too early for new married ladies.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,

Come on then to our sport. Farewell, fair Anne:
I' faith, I had no mind to hunt this day,
Yet gracious madam, bear it as you may.
(*Exit Queen and Ladies.*)
Not like a hound that hunts I follow here
I' th' chase, but one that doth fill up the cry.
1. *Lord.* 'Tis policy and strategy must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are;
There let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answerèd.
King. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies.
2. *Lord.* The court is like the house of fame, my Liege,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears;
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull:
There speak.
King. Well guess'd, believe me. 'Twas my meaning.
1. *Lord.* Hold me your loyal servant.
King. Let's withdraw
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. I'd spare my wife.
2. *Lord.* What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
My Liege, we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
King. Does't not go well?
2. *Lord.* Ay, very well, my Liege.
King. I' th' progress of this business, I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor

This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
O learn'd and well belovèd servant, Cranmer,
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, I will demand
What earthly name to interrogatories
Can taste the free breath of a sacred king?
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him, that great supremacy
Where we do reign we will alone uphold
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand,
For he that holds this kingdom, holds the law.

2. *Lord.* You'll stand then curs'd and excommunicate,
And blessèd shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canoniz'd and worshipt as a saint,
That takes thy life by any secret course.

King. Things past redress are now with me past care.
Though France and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money can buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,—
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,—
Though he, and all the rest so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revénue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

2. *Lord.* Yet excommunication is the judgment
Greatest on earth, and ratified in heaven.

King. I know it well, and I do not deny it.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Sexta.

Enter BISHOP OF WINCHESTER *and* SIR THOMAS LOVEL.

Bish. What news, Sir Thomas Lovel?

Lovel. 'Faith my lord, I hear of none but of the Reformation that fills the court with talk and quarrels, abusing better men than they can be; out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean the faith they have in the institutions of the Church of Rome for new opinions, divers and dangerous, which are heresies, and not reformed may prove pernicious.

Bish. Which reformation must be sudden, too. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases are grown so catching. If we suffer—out of our easiness and childish pity to one man's honor—this contagious sickness, farewell all physic. And what follows then? Commotions, uproars, and a general taint of the whole state; as of late days our neighbors, the upper Germany, can dearly witness.

Lov. Ay, marry: well advised though there be some good purged with the bad.

Bish. Whither were you going?

Lov. To the court.

Bish. My barge stays. Your lordship shall along. Now briefly, the course of the contention is to be stopped at the first, being else as the water's, which if it gain a breach, will hardly be recovered. There will be kept no unity in believing, except it be entertained in worshipping.

Lov. It is too late: his highness' blood is touched corruptibly.

Bish. O 'tis true. This goddess, this Semiramis, this queen, being of the nature not only to love extremities, but

also to fall to them without degrees, will see his shipwreck and his commonweal's. If he do not, on peril of a curse, let go the hand of that arch-heretic, 'twill come.

Lov. There is no tongue hath power to curse him right, but the king will raise the power of France upon his head, unless he do submit himself to Rome.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Septima.

Enter QUEEN, *Lady, and* FRITH.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, good Frith, that I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Lady. Good madam, do.

Frith. I thank you, madam.

Queen. Before this lady here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest:
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience,
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle everything he does
With this your suit: therefore be merry, sir,
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter King.

Lady. Madam, here comes my liege.

Frith. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Queen. Why, stay and hear me speak.
Frith. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for my own purposes.
Queen. Well, do your discretion. (*Exit Frith.*)
Honor and health unto your Majesty.
I am an humble suitor to your virtues,
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases Time and Fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, a Lutheran,
And fair deserving.
King. Be it not thy care.
Queen. He is a youth, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues.
King. Go, I charge thee, Anne.
Queen. There's honor in him which buys out his fault:
And with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe.
King. So? fitly. Go.
Queen. And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behoove his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.
King. The law shall bruise 'em, Anne. You undergo
Too strict a paradox: your words have took
Such pains as if they labor'd to set quarreling
Upon the head of valor, which indeed
Is valor misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.
Queen. My Lord—
King. 'Tis necessary he should die.
Lady. You breathe in vain.
Queen. In vain? His service done at Calais
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

King. What's that?
Queen. He's done fair service.
King. He's been known
To cherish factions, 'tis inferr'd to us.
Queen. O my Lord—
King. He dies.
Queen. Hard fate.
King. We are for law; he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure.
Queen. Must it be?
I cannot think but you've forgot our love.
King. Ha? ha? what sayest thou? Thy meaning, Anne.
Queen. It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace.
I say it must not be so.
King. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words but spacious in effect:
He shall be executed.
Queen. I am sick of grief,
And now I understand how all things go. (*Exit.*)
King. The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactors with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune, love.
(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two OFFICERS.

1. *Off.* The king is proud and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith there hath been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better ground. Therefore, for the king neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see it.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently, 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm.

2. *Off.* But he hath so planted his honors in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not to confess so much were a kind of ingrateful injury: to report otherwise were a malice, that giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it. He hath deserved worthily.

1. *Off.* So will the queen, who having been supple and courteous to the people, is, in their estimation and report, the *nonpareil* of this time; this dear nurse of arts and plenties, this sister of innocency and an upright mind, will in the perfectness of time turn the past evils to advantages, for she is gracious. She hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for charity: and she will prove a hoop of gold to bind the king, that the united vessel of their blood—mingled with venom of suggestion, as, force perforce, the

age will pour it in—shall never leak though it do work as strong as aconitum or rash gunpowder.

2. *Off.* I shall observe her with all care and love.

1. *Off.* Why art thou not at Windsor with the king?

2. *Off.* He is not there to-day, he dines in London.

1. *Off.* And how accompanied, canst thou tell that?

2. *Off.* With Cromwell, and other his continual followers.

1. *Off.* He hath all the pleasures of the world.

2. *Off.* And it troubles you, that you have not the like.

1. *Off.* There is a difference between laplolly and pheasants, to tumble in the straw and to lie in a down bed, betwixt wine and water, a cottage and a palace.

2. *Off.* His gold, guard, clattering of harness, and fortification against outward enemies, cannot free him from inward fears and cares.

1. *Off.* 'Tis true. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Queen and Lady; to them enter Frith.

Lady. There is no other way: 'tis she must do't.
Go and impórtune her.

Queen. How now, good sir?

Frith. Madam, my former suit.

Queen. Alas, alas,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in favor as in humor alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient;
What I can do, I will—and more I will
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

Frith. Is my liege angry?

Lady. He went hence but now
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Frith. Can he be angry? There's matter in't indeed,
If he be angry.

Queen. Something sure of state,
Either from Rome, or some unhatchèd practice
Made demonstrable here in England to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.

Frith. 'Tis even so,
For let our little finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members to a sense
Of pain.

Queen. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. But sir, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Frith. O give me pardon
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your sovereignty.

Queen. Indeed you're pardon'd, sir.

Frith. 'Tis as God pleaseth how, and when, and whom;
'Tis he that doth exalt, and bringeth low.
That life is better, life past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort.

Queen. Peace be with thee; fare thee well. (*Weeps.*)

Frith. Fare thee well. (*Exit Frith.*)

Queen. What trumpet's that?

Lady. The king.

Queen. Beshrew me much,
I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul:
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Lady. Pray Heaven it be

State matters as you think, and no conception,
Nor no jealous toy, concerning you.

Queen. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Lady. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so.
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous. It is a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Queen. Heaven keep the monster from King Henry's mind.

Lady. Amen, your Majesty.

Queen. I will go seek him. (*Exit.*)

Lady. Something from Rome, I warrant. There is fallen
Between my lovely lady and the king
An unkind breach. O Lord, what shall betide?
(*Exit.*)

Enter King and Queen.

King. "Be as thou art; and as they are so let
Others be still."

Queen. "What is and may be covet."
The poor advanc'd make friends of enemies.

King. When our most learnèd doctors leave us,
And the congregated college have concluded
That laboring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate, I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our realm, or to dissever
Our great self and our credit.

Queen. But my Liege,
Never came reformation in a flood,
For miracles are ceast, and therefore we
Must needs admit the means how things are perfected.
'Twas the opinion of grave Aristotle,
Till young men in religion have been season'd—
And in morality—for auditors

Of matters o' policy they are not fit,
Because they're not with time attemperèd.
That rich men might the poor men set a-work
And them encourage several trades to learn
To th' common good, saith Theodoret wisely,
His gifts hath God distributed diversely:
To one wealth, to another skill. As arras
Of several parcels is compos'd—some wrought
Of silk, of gold and silver some, and crewel
Of divers colors, bright and gay or sad—
For th' exornation of the whole to serve,
As music's made of divers keys and discords,
A total sum of many numbers small,
So is a commonwealth of several
Inequal trades and callings.

King. This is a base and rotten policy.

Queen. My Liege, my husband, think what now you speak.

King. But what we do determine oft we break:
Purpose is but the slave of Memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity,
Which now like fruit unripe sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

Queen. But this is mere digression from my purpose;
And, on the cause and question now in hand,
You've gloz'd but superficially.

King. My love—

Queen. And it proceeds from policy not love.
I muse you make so slight a question.

King. But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown.
Our thoughts are ours, our ends none of our own.

Queen. Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy,
If I give o'er my suit.
King. 'Tis deeply sworn.
Sweet, leave me here awhile:
My spirits grow dull and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.
Queen. Sleep rock thy brain, (*Sleeps.*)
And never come mischance between us twain. (*Exit.*)

Scena Secunda.

Enter CROMWELL *to* BROTHER LAURENCE.

Crom. Brother, ho!

Enter Brother Laurence.

Lau. This same should be the voice of Cromwell.
Welcome from Greenwich, sir. What says the king?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
Crom. Sir, let me speak with you within your chamber,
And you shall hear things go to your content.
Here is a letter'll say somewhat, I warrant.
Lau. Come up into my chamber, Master Cromwell.
From time to time I have acquainted you
With heavy matters; ay, but look you here:
Elizabeth Barton, th' Holy Maid of Kent,
Hath said that if the king did not again

Take Katherine, his wife, he of his crown
Should be depriv'd, and die the death of a dog.
Crom. 'Tis thought a dangerous thing 'ifs' to admit,
And 'ands', to qualify such words of treason,
For every man thereby might blench his danger.
Lau. And yet express his malice.
Crom. Which it seemeth
The judges take into consideration.
I warrant you she's like t' be apprehended
And set i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch.
(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Tertia.

Enter two of the Queen's LADIES.

1. *Lady.* She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
2. *Lady.* A boy?
1. *Lady.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in it.
2. *Lady.* Ay, I dare be sworn:
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i' th' king, beshrew them—
The terms of this estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe
I'll shew it to the king. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child.

1. *Lady.* The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades where speaking fails.

2. *Lady.* This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

1. *Lady.* Most worthy madam,
Your honor and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand; please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter King and Sir Thomas Lovel.

King. Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
In th' greatest humbleness.

King. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Lov. I wish your Highness
A quiet night.

King. Sir Thomas, good night. (*Exit Lovel.*)

Enter old Lady.

Gent. (*within*) Come back: what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessèd wings.

King. Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, *Ay; and of a boy.*

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege,
And of a lovely boy—the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her—'tis a girl
Promises boys hereafter.
King. What say'st thou?
Lady. Most certain.
King. Mock not.
Lady. Sir, I tell you true.
King. What! girl? O God's blest Mother!
Lady. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger. 'Tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
King. Lovel. (*Enter Lovel.*)
Lov. Sir.
King. Give her an hundred marks and come again
to me. (*Exit Lovel.*)
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
(*Speaking to himself.*)
Left his to th' worthiest: so his successor
Was like to be the best. There is none worthy.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtile witted men—
Conjurers and sorcerers—contriv'd this end?
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit.
A maid?
Lady. A maid.
How much he wrongs his fame (*Speaking to herself.*)
To join with witches and the help of hell.
Well, let him practice and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress.
King. Go. (*Exit Lady.*)

Enter Lady bearing the child.

Lord, within. You must not enter.

Lady. Nay rather, good my lord, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life?

King. How?

Lady. Good my Liege, I come
From your good queen.

King. Good queen?

Lady. I say good queen,
For she is good. She's brought you forth a daughter—
Here 'tis—commends it to your blessing.

King. Out!

Lady. Look at your babe, my Lord, 'tis yours.
Behold
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley
And pretty dimples of the chin and cheek, his smiles,
The very mould, and frame of hand, nail, finger.

King. Almost as like as eggs. Women say so
That will say anything.

Lady. 'Tis so like you.

King. What is its name?

Lady. Elizabeth, the gift of God.

King. The government of a woman at all times
(*Speaking to himself.*)
Hath been a rare thing, and felicity
In such a government is rarer still,
Felicity and long continuance
The rarest thing of all. Her opening prospects
Fortune hath chequer'd with uncertainty—
But be it as it may, Elizabeth,
Until that act of Parliament be repeal'd,

Is destin'd to th' succession. God protect thee.
With this kiss take my blessing.
(*Kisses the child. Exit Lady.*)

Enter Lovel.

I'll to th' queen.
Those things I bid you do, get them dispatcht.
Good night, Sir Thomas.
Lov. Many good nights, my Lord. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quarta.

Enter CROMWELL *and Agents.*

1. *Man.* Where's Master Cromwell? I have news for him.
Crom. Thrice welcome to us.
1. *Man.* Wizards know their times.
Crom. What shall betide the king and commonweal?
1. *Man.* Th' holy maid hither with me I bring
Which by a vision sent to her from Heaven,
Shall answer make to all such questions.
Crom. It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.
1. *Man.* The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.
Crom. Go call her in.

2. *Man.* Good Master Cromwell, hark ye:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern,
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent.

Crom. Fair maid, is't thou will do these wondrous feats?

Maid. Cromwell, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's Mother deignèd to appear to me
And in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Cromwell, but ask what you would have reform'd
That is not well, and well you shall perceive
How willingly I will both hear and grant.

Crom. First of the king: what shall become of him?

Maid. He must embrace the fate of death's dark hour:
Yet he shall lose his crown ere that day come.

2. *Man.* I' faith she sung in rude, harsh sounding rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension Day at noon,
His highness should deliver up his crown.

Crom. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Maid. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so,
Except he call again Queen Katherine.

2. *Man.* But oh vain boast! who can control his fate?

Maid. Men at sometime are masters of their fate.

Crom. He shall spurn fate, shun death, and bear his hopes
'Bove wisdom, grace, and fear.

Maid. Security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Crom. O speak,
If thou art privy to thy country's fate
Which happily foreknowing may avoid.

Maid. I'm like a prophet suddenly enrapt—

2. *Man.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Maid. O farewell, King Henry!

(*Speaks in a trance.*)

Look how thou diest: look how thy eye turns pale:
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents:
Hark how thy England roars; how Anne cries out;
How poor Elizabeth shrills her dolor forth;
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement
Like witless antics one another meet,
And all cry Henry, Henry's dead: O Henry!

Crom. Away, away:
Thou dost thyself deceive, and others,
Filling thy hearers with thy strange invention.

(*Exit Maid, guarded.*)

All. Now pray, let's see the writ.

Crom. What have we here?
Give me the letter, I will look on it.

(*Reads, then exclaims.*)

Oh! out upon the name of Salisbury—
Ay, and of Derby, both these countesses—
And all the rest of that consorted crew!
This letter doth make good the friar's words.

All. Why this is just, indeed. Well to the rest?

Crom. The Marchioness of Exeter and Sir Thomas More,
Bishops of Rochester and Winchester,
Together with the Lord and Lady Hussey;

None else of name, and of all other men
But five and twenty.

All. 'Tis wonderful.

Crom. Didst thou not mark the king what words he spake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

1. *Man.* Those were his very words.

Crom. Have I no friend, quoth he; he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

1. *Man.* He did.

Crom. And speaking it he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say, *I would thou wert the man*
That would divorce this terror from my heart.
Well, fare you well, for this time will I leave you;
To-morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you: or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

All. We will do so.

Crom. Till then think of the world.

(*Exit Cromwell.*)

1. *Man.* Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me,
And we like friends will straightway go together.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quinta.

Enter KING, *solus.*

The sweetest sun that e'er I saw to shine!
This lady—this fair face and heavenly hue!
Jane Seymour, lovelier than the love of Jove,

Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on mountain tops,
Thy person is more worth unto King Henry
Than the possession of the English crown.
If all the pens that ever poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and Muses on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence 'still'd
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.
Ho messenger! (*Enter Messenger.*)
Sir, I have entertain'd thee
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business—
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout—
But chiefly, for thy face and thy behavior,
Which—if my augury deceive me not—
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth.
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this letter with thee,
Deliver it unto Madam Jane Seymour,
And therewithal this purse of gold.

Mes. My Lord.

King. And let me buy thy friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay, and pay again.
(*Exit Messenger.*)
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:

Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warpt the line of every other favor,
Scorn'd a fair color or exprest it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd,—and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd,—was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it. Praising what's lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, all is whole;
Not one word more of the consumèd time,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees,
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. (*Exit.*)

Scena Sexta.

Enter Gentlemen and Servants of the French AMBASSADOR *in conversation with Lords of the Court.*

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1. *Lord.* That daughter there of Spain, sirs, the Infanta,
Is near to England. Look upon the years
Of the young Dauphin and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in her?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in her?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than the Infanta's?

2. *Lord.* Such as she is in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
If not complete of say he is not she,
And she again wants nothing to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessèd man,
Left to be finishèd by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O two such silver currents when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in!

Fr. Gent. The Dauphin shall the daughter of the king,
The Princess Mary, marry.

2. *Lord.* Yea, is't so?
The Bishop of Bayon, th' Ambassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
And marriage, in the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution,
A respite did require wherein he might
The king, his lord, advértise whether Mary,
Katherine's daughter, were legitimate.

1. *Gent.* My most honorable lord, think not on't.

2. *Gent.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

1. *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

3. *Gent.* I pray you upon what?

1. *Lord.* That's off, that's off, I would you had been silent.

2. *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon.

(*Scowling at the first Lord.*)

1. *Lord.* My caution was more pertinent, my lord,
Than the rebuke you gave it.

3. *Lord.* I beseech you peace,
Or if you'd ask, remember this before:
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,

Fears, and despairs, and all these for the marriage,
That from the understanding of himself
Have so much put his majesty, are not
To be commanded. Something have you heard
Of the king's transformation—so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man,
Resembles that it was—and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect.
I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one to my gracious king,
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As I have us'd to do—this business
Is ended well.

1. *Gent.* More matter with less art.

3. *Lord.* I use no art at all. But let that go—
Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

All. Not that I know.

3. *Lord.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

1. *Gent.* I think thou art mad.

3. *Lord.* It may be very likely. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Jane Seymour; to her enter Messenger.

Mes. Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak to Madam Jane.

Jane. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Mes. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Jane. From whom?

Mes. Madam, his majesty—my master.

Jane. Oh! he sends?

Mes. Ay; please you peruse this letter.

(*Gives her a note of warning from her friends which she quickly reads.*)

Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Jane. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Mes. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Jane. There, hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they're stuft with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths which he will break
As easily as I do tear this paper.

Mes. Madam, he sends your ladyship this purse.

Jane. The more shame for him that he sends it me.

Mes. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Jane. Not so, sir; we'll withdraw. Go to the king,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Mes. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Jane. And't may be so we shall.

Mes. Pray Heaven you do.

(*Exit Jane Seymour.*)

When Anne did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily tincture of her face.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary. (*Exit.*)

Scena Septima.

Enter the EARL OF DERBY, LORD HUSSEY, LORD DACRES, *and others.*

Hus. Lords, in the fields adjacent I will meet him:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Der. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Hus. A noble lord of France, my lord of Derby,
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Der. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Dac. Or rather then set forwards for 'twill be
Two long hours' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Once more to-day, well met, distemper'd lords;
The king by me requests your presence straight.

Der. The king hath dispossest himself of us,
We will not line his thin bestainèd cloak
With our pure honors: nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Mes. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Der. Our griefs and not our manners reason now.

Mes. But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

1. *Lord.* Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Mes. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

(*Derby draws.*)

Your sword is bright, sir, put it up again.
Stand back, my lord of Derby, back I say:
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence,
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Der. Out dunghill: dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Mes. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Der. Ha! hence vile instrument. Thou shalt not
damn my hand. (*Sheathing his sword.*)

Mes. Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess
(*Speaking as he goes out.*)
Th' ambassador hath wrote unto the emperor
How it goes here. (*Exit Messenger.*)

Der. My lords, he goes hence frowning,
But it honors us that we have given him cause.

1. *Lord.* 'Tis all the better. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be lookt to speedily and strongly.

2. *Lord.* Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward.

Der. Prithee now away.
There's more to be consider'd but we'll even
All that good time will give us. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Hus. I'll see what I can do.

Der. But speedily.

Hus. I will about it straight.
(*Exit Lord Hussey.*)

2. *Lord.* My lord of Derby,
Now send out heralds to defy the king,
And make the people swear to put him down.

Der. I know not what the success will be, my lord,
But the attempt I vow. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter King, solus.

These stays and lets to pleasure plague my thoughts,
Forcing my grievous wounds again to bleed:
But care that hath transported me so far,
Fair Jane, is all dispers'd in thought of thee,
Whose answer yields me life, or breeds me death.
Yond comes the messenger of weal or woe.

Enter Messenger.

What news?

Mes. She's coy as yet and doth repine;
She's holy-wise, and too precise for me.

King. Are these thy fruits of wit, thy sight in art,
Thine eloquence, thy policy, thy drift
To mock thy prince? then, caitiff, pack thee hence,
And let me die devourèd of my love.

Mes. Good Lord, how rage gainsayeth reason's power.
My dear, my gracious, and belovèd Prince,
The essence of my soul, my god on earth,
Sit down and rest yourself; appease your wrath,
Lest with a frown you wound me to the death.
O that I were enclosèd in my grave
That either now, to save my prince's life,
Must counsel cruelty or lose my king!

King. Why sirrah, is there means to move her mind?

Mes. O, should I not offend my royal liege?

King. Tell all, spare naught, so I may gain my love.

Mes. Alas my soul, why am I torn in twain
For fear thou talk a thing that should displease?

King. Tut, speak whatso thou wilt, I pardon thee.

Mes. How kind a word, how courteous is his grace!
Who would not die to succor such a king?

My Liege, this lovely maid of modest mind
Could well incline to love, but that she fears
The power of fair Queen Anne: your Grace doth know
Your wedlock is a mighty let to love.
Were sweet Jane sure to be your wedded wife,
That then the twig would bend, you might command:
Ladies love presents, pomp, and high estate.

King. She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already
But not deliver'd. I have put you out,
Ah, let me hear how to displace the let?

Mes. Tut, mighty Prince—O that I might be whist.

King. Why dalliest thou?

Mes. I will not move my prince:
I will prefer his safety 'fore my life.
Hear me, O King, it is the death of Anne
Must do you good.

King. What, murder of my queen!
Yet to enjoy my love, what is my queen?
O, but my vow and promise to my queen!
Ay, but my hope to gain a fairer queen:
With how contrarious thoughts am I withdrawn!
Why linger I 'twixt hope and doubtful fear?
If Anne die will Jane love?

Mes. She will my Lord.

King. Then let her die: devise, advise the means.
All likes me well that lends me hope in love.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Imperial Ambassador and Lord Hussey.

Hus. What's more to do,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
That's soon perform'd. If Charles, the emperor,
Swear us assistance, and perform it too,

The earls and barons of the realm with zeal
To 'mend the king, and do our country good,
Shall follow with a fresh supply—a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Lord Darcy promiseth ten thousand men.
Ambas. Ay, here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands, but I fear withal
That same mad fellow of the North, Percy.
Hus. I' faith, I'll send him packing.
Ambas. Prithee do.
Hus. Why my good lord, you need not fear the power
Of Harry Percy; 'tis too weak to wage
An instant trial. Nay, advance your standard;
The kingly bird that bears Jove's thunderclap,
The imperial eagle, shall make leopards tame.
Ambas. Yea, but not change his spots.
Hus. Spread, spread these flags
That ten year's space have conquer'd—conquering eagles—
They that now thwart the right, in wars will yield.
The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen
Begin in troops to threaten civil war;
And openly exclaim against the king:
Therefore to stay all sudden mutinies,
We will invest his highness emperor.
Neither spoil nor kingdom seek we by these arms,
But home at thraldom's feet to rid from tyrants.
Ambas. I must obey thee.
Lord. Doubtless these Northern men,
Whom death the greatest of all fears affrights not,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, will bring their powers.
Ambas. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger. But for all our loves
First let them try themselves, and what I can,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke—it may be so, perchance;
This tyrant whose foul name blisters our tongue
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet.

Lord. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes—and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it—in the name o' the people
And in the power of us the nobles, we
Will not endure his yoke, but we create
Imperial Charles England's great emperor,
And say, "Long live our emperor, Charles."

Ambas. I've pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor
I shall be counsel'd.

Lord. Good repose the while.

Ambas. Thanks, sir, the like to you.

(*Exit Lord.*)

Manet Ambassador.

So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Charles, the emperor, extend his arm.
The plot is laid by English noblemen
And captains of the border garrisons
To crown him emperor of all the West.
This should entreat your Highness to rejoice,
Since Fortune gives you opportunity
To gain the title of a conqueror—
Renownèd Charles, greater than Charles the Great.

(*Exit.*)

Scena Octava.

Enter KING, *solus.*

Thy new vow'd love, in sight of God and men,
Links thee unto Anne Boleyn during life;
For who more fair and virtuous than thy wife?
Deceitful murderer of a quiet mind,
Fond love, vile lust, that thus misleads us men,
To vow our faiths and fall to sin again!
But kings stoop not to every common thought:
Jane Seymour's fair and wise, fit for a king;
And I, a king, for Jane will hazard life,
Venture my kingdom, country, and my crown:
Such fire hath love to burn a kingdom down.
Say Anne dislikes that I estrange my love;
Am I obedient to a woman's look?
Nay, say her father frown when he shall hear
That I do hold my fair Jane's love so dear;
Let father frown and fret, and fret and die,
Nor earth nor heaven shall part my love and I.
Yea, they shall part us, but we first must meet
And woo and win, and yet the world not see't.

Enter Jane Seymour and a page. Lord looking on in concealment.

Page. The music is come, sir.

King. Let them play. Play sirs:

(*Exit Page. Music plays.*)

Sit on my knee, Jane: kiss me. Dost thou love me?
Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Jane. Nay, nay, truly;
I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

King. I'm old, I'm old.

Jane. I love thee better than I love
A young boy of them all.

King. Thou wilt forget me.

Jane. Thou wilt set me weeping if thou say'st so, Hal.
(*He kisses her.*)

Lord. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!
What says the almanac to that?

Enter Queen.

Queen. Merciful Heaven! (*Swoons.*)

Lord. Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.
(*Queen carried out. Exeunt.*)

Enter two of the Queen's women. Queen seen lying in a bed.

1. *Lady.* The night is long that never finds the day.
See, see Emilia if they breathe or no.

2. *Lady.* No breath, nor sense, nor motion, in them both:
'Tis strange to think how much the king hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.

1. *Lady.* When he shall hear, even at that news he dies.

2. *Lady.* Go with me to the king.

1. *Lady.* No, no, I will not.
I fear some outrage since this chanc'd to-night.

2. *Lady.* Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressèd spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian had nine hours lain dead
By good appliance was recoverèd.

Enter Servant with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths,—
The vial once more: I pray you give her air.
(*Silence for a space.*)
The queen will live! nature awakes! a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1. *Lady.* She is alive;
Behold, her eyelids 'gin to part their fringes.

2. *Lady.* O live, and make us weep to hear your fate.

Queen. Where am I? where's my lord? what world is this? (*Exeunt.*)

Enter King and Gentlewoman.

King. Conduct me to the queen.

Lady. I may not, sir,
To the contrary I have express commandment.

King. Here's ado—such ado—to make no stain a stain
As passes coloring. How fares our lady?

Lady. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: on her frights and griefs—
Which never tender lady hath borne greater—

King. Heaven grant our hope's yet likely of fair birth.

Lady. Still born, my lord.

King. Alack, my child is dead!
And with my child my joys are buried.
O child, O child, my soul and not my child!
Dead art thou? Death's my son, Death is my heir.
This is a judgment on me that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' th' world should not
Be gladded in't by me. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Imperial Ambassador, solus.

My emperor hath wrote I must from hence
No more of't entertain. I give bold way

To his authority, and by mine honor
'Tis most convenient. Ha, I know the riddle,
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here. Let's then determine
On our proceeding, for these noblemen,
Conspirant 'gainst this high, illustrious prince,
Come hither, now, to see what I protest
Intendment o' doing. Shall we wish for aught
The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute?
Methinks we should not. I am strongly mov'd,
That if James should desire the English crown,
He could attain it with a wondrous ease
By marrying King Henry's daughter, Mary.

Enter Derby and another.

My Lords,
I hope your honors make no question
This hand of mine hath writ in your behalf
To Charles, magnificent and mighty prince,
That you in name of other Northern lords
And commons of this mighty monarchy, —
Intending his investion with the crown,
And measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west as Phœbus doth his course,—
Did bid me say their honors and their lives
Are to his highness vow'd and consecrate,
But he replied it was a bare petition.

Der. Nay—

Ambas. Pray be patient.

Der. If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's.

1. *Lord.* But how if he do not, my lord?

Der. Then may we with some color rise in arms,
For, howsoever we have borne it out,

'Tis treason to be up against the king.

1. *Lord.* Ay, see the ambush of our friends be strong
If e'er the emperor means no good to us.

Ambas. His answer to me was: "A very little
I have yielded to. Fresh embassies and suits
Nor from the state, nor private friends hereafter
Will I lend ear to."

Der. Why so?

Ambas. He said 'twas folly.

1. *Lord.* Ha! do you hear, my lord?

Der. But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might touch him to the quick.

1. *Lord.* No, I'll not meddle.

Ambas. Pray you go to him.

1. *Lord.* What should I do, pray?

Ambas. Only make trial what you can do.

1. *Lord.* Well,
And say that I return unheard, what then?

Ambas. But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness.

Der. Say't be so, my lord.

1. *Lord.* I'll undertake it. Ay, I think he'll hear me.
(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter KING *and* NORRIS.

King. This business will raise you all, I take it,
If the good truth were known.

Nor. My Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.
King. Say it be so, 'tis true.
Nor. No, no, my Lord.
King. It is: you lie, you lie.
Nor. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer—
Yourself, your queen, your child. For her, my Lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' th' eyes of Heaven, and to you—I mean
In this which you accuse her.
King. Cease, no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't, and feel't
As you feel doing thus: and see withal
The instruments that feel.
Nor. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty.
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
King. What? lack I credit?
Nor. I had rather you did lack, than I, my Lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honor true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for it how you might. I wish, my Liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it
Without more overture.
King. How could that be?
The circumstances push on this proceeding.
(*Exit Norris.*)

Enter Emilia.

You have seen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

King. Yes, you have seen Norris and th' queen
together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
King. What; did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my Lord.
King. Nor send you out o' th' way?
Emil. Never.
King. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing?
Emil. Never, my Lord.
King. That's strange.
Emil. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put it in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
King. Bid her come hither, go. (*Exit Emilia.*)

Manet King.

Not any whom corrupting gold will tempt?
Uncertain way of gain; but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Queen and Emilia.

Queen. My Lord, what is your will?
King. Pray you come hither.
Queen. How is't with you, my Lord?
King. Well, my good lady. Oh hardness to
dissemble! (*Speaking to himself.*)
How do you, Anne?
Queen. Well, gracious Majesty.

King. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Queen. It hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

King. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and prayer
Much castigation, exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Queen. You may, indeed, say so,
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

King. A liberal hand. The hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is hands not hearts.
Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my daughter.

Queen. Your Highness knows that lies not in my power.
If I might in entreaties find success,
As seld I have the chance, here in the court,
Thy beauteous, princely daughter I would tender.

King. Alas, the heavy day.

Queen. Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my Lord?

King. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Queen. Here, my Lord.

King. That which I gave you.

Queen. I have it not about me.

King. Not?

Queen. No indeed, my Lord.

King. That's a fault: that handkerchief—
To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Queen. Is't possible?

King. 'Tis true. There's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maiden's hearts.

Queen. Indeed? Is't true?

King. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Queen. Then would to Heaven that I had never seen't!

King. Ha? wherefore?

Queen. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

King. Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is't out o' th' way?

Queen. Bless us.

King. Say you?

Queen. It is not lost; but what and if it were?

King. Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight
Till it be found.

Queen. I say it is not lost.

King. Fetch't, let me see't.

Queen. Why so I can: but I will not now.

King. Fetch me the handkerchief.
My mind misgives— (*Speaking to himself.*)
The handkerchief.

Queen. In sooth you are to blame.

King. Away! (*Exit King.*)

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Queen. I nev'r saw this before.
Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief,
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food,

They eat us hungrily, and when they're full
They belch us.

Queen. Leave to wound me with these words,
And speak of majesty as it deserves.
Where should I lose the handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Queen. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse,
Full of gold pieces. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Secunda.

Enter KING *and* DUKE OF NORFOLK.

King. I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token,
My father gave my mother.

Duke. Had stol'n it from her?

King. No: but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage, Norris, being near
Took it too eagerly—whilst we were by—
And kiss'd it.

Duke. Monstrous! Such a handkerchief—
I'm sure it was the queen's—did I to-day
See Norris wipe his beard with.

King. If it be that—

Duke. If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

King. O that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. 'Tis not to make me jealous

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances:
Where virtue is these are more virtuous,
But this denoted a foregone conclusion,
'Tis a shrewd doubt.

Duke. And this may help to thicken
The other proofs that do demónstrate thinly.
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices,
And will report, so please you.

King. Prithee, say.

Duke. First, Anne confest she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you—
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

King. She alone knew this. Proceed.

Duke. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life—
But that her flight prevented it—she had
Ta'en off by poison.

King. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

Duke. More, sir, and worse: she did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you. Failing of her end
Grew shameless desperate, open'd—in despite
Of Heaven and men—her purposes and said,
"To have two means beseems a witty man."
"Now here in court I may aspire and climb
By subtlety," (he said) "for my master's death
I may have means, my love, and if that fail
Well fare another drift." And she replied,

"To you I give myself for I am yours,
I'll have no husband if you be not he."

King. Away at once with love or jealousy!
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven. 'Tis gone.
Arise black vengeance from the hollow hell,
Yield up, O Love, thy crown, and heartèd throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosom with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspic's tongues.

Duke. Yet be content.

King. O blood, blood, blood!

Duke. Patience I say: your mind may change.

King. Never. My bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words.

Duke. Do not rise yet;
But let Heaven witness Norfolk doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd King Henry's service. Let him command
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

King. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't.
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Norris's not alive.

Duke. My friend is dead:
'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

King. Damn her, lewd minx! O damn her, damn her.
Come, go with me apart. I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death,
For the fair devil.

Duke. But of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly.
King. Art thou my lieutenant?
Duke. I am your own forever. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Tertia.

Enter QUEEN *and* EMILIA.

Emil. Good madam,
What's the matter with my lord?
Queen. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Queen. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Queen. I have none: do not talk to me Emilia.
I cannot weep, nor answers have I none
But what should go by water.
Emil. May I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits,
That work such trouble to your wonted rest?
'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale.
Queen. Methinks my favor here begins to warp.
What is the news i' th' court?
Emil. None rare, my lady.
Queen. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region

Lov'd as he loves himself. Why I should fear
I know not, since I know not guiltiness,
But yet I feel I fear.

Emil. Ay, this is strange:
Though first the king did seem to love you much,
Now, in his majesty, he leaves those looks
Those words of favor and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies;
He keeps you from the honors of a queen—
Being suppos'd his worthless concubine.

Queen. Thence rise the tears that so bestain my cheeks,
Fearing his love through my unworthiness
Is counted lost forever.

Emil. You've made fault
I' th' boldness of your speech.

Queen. I am sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is toucht
To th' noble heart.

Emil. Do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you rather
Let me be punish'd that have 'minded you
Of what you should forget. Take patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Queen. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth, which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee.

Enter King.

Emil. Good my Liege—

King. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
(*Speaking to himself.*)
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,—
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster:
Yet she must die.

Queen. Who's there? the king?

(*Exit Emilia.*)

King. Ay, Anne.

Queen. Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame—
These are portents, but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

King. Peace and be still.

Queen. I will so: what's the matter?

King. That handkerchief,
Which I so lov'd and gave thee, thou gav'st Norris.

Queen. No, by my life and soul: send for the man
And ask him.

King. Anne, take heed of perjury,
Take heed: confess thee freely of thy sin,
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal.

Queen. I never did
Offend you in my life: never lov'd Norris
But with such general warranty of Heaven
As I might love. I never gave him token.

King. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjur'd woman thou dost stone my heart,
I saw the handkerchief.

Queen. He found it then—
I never gave it him—send for him hither:
Let him confess a truth. He will not say so.

King. No, when his mouth is stopt.

Queen. My fear interprets!

King. The Duke of Norfolk hath ta'en order for it.

Queen. What! is he dead? Alas, he is betray'd,
And I undone! (*She weeps.*)

King. Weep'st thou for him to my face?
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, Anne. Your loving uncle—

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Norris.

King. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Norris.
No more I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
(*King walks toward the door.*)

Queen. Whither goes my lord?

King. Fawn not on me, be gone.

Queen. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

King. On Norris, Weston, or your brother Rochford
With whom, ungentle Queen—I say no more.

Queen. In saying this, thou wrong'st me.

King. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.

Queen. What horrible fancy's this?
Upon my knee what does your speech import?
(*She kneels.*)
I understand a fury in your words.

King. Why? what art thou?

Queen. Your wife, my Lord, your true and loyal wife.

King. Come swear it: damn thyself lest being like one
Of heaven, the divels themselves should fear to seize thee.
Therefore be double damn'd, swear thou art honest.

Queen. Heaven doth truly know it.

King. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Queen. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?

King. Ah, Anne, away, away, away! Ha, touch me not!

Queen. Wherein, my Lord, have I deserv'd these words?

Is it not enough I feel a grief that smites
My very heart at root, but thou must call
Mine honor thus in question?

King. Hear me, good madam.

Queen. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

King. You are too familiar with your brother Rochford.

Could not my love, nay more, could not the law,
Nay further, could not nature thee allure
For to refrain from this incestuous sin?
Would thou hadst ne'er been born, Anne. What committed?
Committed? O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The baudy wind that kisses all it meets,
Is husht within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear't. What committed?

Queen. By heaven you do me wrong!

King. Is't possible?

Queen. Witness the tears I shed, witness this heart
That sighing for thee breaks.

King. And witness Heaven
How dear thou art to me! There, weep.
You, mistress,

Enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell—You, you; ay, you—
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;

I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.
Speak not unto her: let her droop and pine.

(*Exit King.*)

Emil. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?

Queen. I cannot tell.

Emil. Here is a change indeed.

Queen. How have I been behav'd that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Emil. Madam?

Queen. O miserable and distressèd queen!
Would when I left sweet France and was embark'd,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape! or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison!
Or with those arms that twin'd about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king, my lord, thus to abandon me!
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in Fortune's womb,
Is coming toward me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles; at something it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quarta.

QUEEN *seated at dinner. Her Gentlewomen are with her.*
Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK *and* AUDLEY,
the Lord Chancellor.

Queen. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person.—Noble uncle—

Norf. Tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncle me.
I am no traitor's uncle, and that word grace
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

Queen. Com'st thou because the king is hence?

Norf. I come
To minister correction to thy fault.

Queen. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

Norf. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason.

Enter Kingston.

Queen. God for thy mercy!
What means this armèd guard
That waits upon your grace?

Norf. It stands agreed—
I take it by all voices—that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower, a prisoner,
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Queen. Ah cruel chance, ah luckless lot!
What greater grief can grow to gripe the heart?
Not that great Tower?

Norf. Call my guard, I prithee.

Aud. What ho! the guard! Come, the Lord Norfolk calls.

Enter the Guard.

Queen. The guard? how? O dispatch me!

Guard. What's the noise?

1. *Lady.* The star is fall'n!

2. *Lady.* And Time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

3. *Lady.* O what has come to pass?

Queen. I have a little yet to say, my lords;

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me: and so
The king's will be perform'd.

Kings. I tell thee, Audley,
To think the deeds the king means to perform
Doth make me sorry.

Aud. Stand and see the rest
To change that humor. How falls out the tide
For London?

Kings. Not till evening.

Queen. My lords, his majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower:
Be the king's pleasure then, by me obey'd.

Norf. Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

(*Exeunt Lords guarding the Queen.*)

Manent Gentlewomen.

1. *Lady.* Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.
2. *Lady.* I know 'tis 'long of Norris that she weeps.
1. *Lady.* Why, he is gone.
3. *Lady.* Now breaks the king's hate forth.
1. *Lady.* Ah! he I fear, hath ill-intreated her.
2. *Lady.* Sit down by me awhile and I will tell thee.
1. *Lady.* Speak not for him, no speaking will prevail.
2. *Lady.* 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight
As thou wilt soon subscribe to't.
1. *Lady.* Speak your mind.
2. *Lady.* Then thus;—but none shall hear it but ourselves. (*Ladies talk apart.*)
3. *Lady.* But see, in happy time his majesty
Is new return'd; this news will glad him much.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter King, Norfolk, Suffolk, and others.

King. Prepare you Lords;
Summon a session that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding.
(*Exeunt some of the Lords.*)
This session—
To our great grief we do pronounce—even pushes
Against our heart. The party tried, our wife
And one too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quinta.

Enter QUEEN *and* KINGSTON *at the Traitor's Gate.*

Queen. O lamentable! What? To hide me from the radiant sun, to solace in a dungeon by a snuff?

Kings. No, noble madam: may it please you to withdraw into your private chamber.

Queen. 'Tis meet I should be used so: very meet. He doth but tempt his wife, he tries my love. (*To herself.*) Husband, I come: now to that name my courage prove my title.

Have mercy Jesu! My grieved spirit attends thy mercy-seat.

Kings. It is my duty to attend your Highness' pleasure.

Queen. Ay's me, from royal state I now am fallen! Ah, Henry, can I bear this shameful yoke? Trowest thou that e'er I'll look upon the world, or count them happy that enjoy the sun? No; dark shall be my light, and night my day. It shall be my hell to think upon my pomp, the which to leave is a thousand fold more bitter, than 'tis sweet at first to acquire. 'Tis a sufferance panging as soul and body's severing. Sometime I'll say that I am Henry's wife—I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest wife—and he a prince and ruler of the land: yet he so ruled, and such a prince he was, as he stood by whilst I, his forlorn queen, was made a wonder and a pointing stock to every idle, rascal follower. But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame, nor stir at nothing till the axe of Death hang over me as sure it shortly will. I am in the extremity of human adversity. As a shadow leaves the body when the sun is gone, I now am left and lost and quite forsaken of the world.

Kings. All the suns are not yet set. A day may come to make amends for all.

Queen. Alack, I to this hard house—more harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd—return, and force a scanted courtesy. The art of our necessities is strange. My wits begin to turn.

Kings. Say it be hard, yet patience makes that lighter that cannot be amended, and he is wise that suits himself to the time.

Queen. Go with me to my chamber to take a note of what I stand in need of.

Kings. All that is mine I leave at thy dispose.

Queen. Beseech the king to let me have the sacrament. Let them bring it to my closet.

The spite of man prevaileth against me; O Lord, have mercy upon me!

Kings. Patience, good lady. What man is he you are accused of?

Queen. They know that do accuse me. I know none. If I know more of any man alive, than that I know yourself, may all my sins want mercy. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence.

Kings. So grace and mercy at your most need help you; and what so poor a man as Kingston is, may do to express his love and friending to you, God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Sexta.

ORDER OF THE TRIAL.

DUKE OF NORFOLK, *as lord high steward, sitting under a cloth of estate with a white rod of justice in his hand. The* LORD CHANCELLOR *behind him, and his Majesty's* ATTORNEY-GENERAL. *On benches the* PEERS: *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, MARQUIS OF EXETER, *Earls of* ARUNDEL, OXFORD, WORCESTER, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, DERBY, RUTLAND, SUSSEX, HUNTINGDON; *and the Lords* AUDLEY, DE LA WARE, MORLEY, COBHAM, DACRES, SANDERS, WINDSOR, *and others. The* LORD MAYOR *and Aldermen, Wardens, and members of the principal crafts of London in attendance, but those that pass upon her be none but Peers.*

Nor. Produce the prisoner.

Att. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen appear in person here in court. (*Silence.*)

Enter SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON, *and the Lieutenant of the Tower, conducting the* QUEEN, *who is attended by* LADY KINGSTON *and* LADY BOLEYN.

Nor. Read the indictment.

Att. Lady Anne, Queen to the worthy Henry, King of England, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing adultery with Henry Norris, Sir Francis Weston, Lord Rochford, et al., *and furthermore of conspiring with them, jointly and severally, to compass and imagine the death of our Sovereign Lord, the King thy royal husband; the pretence whereof, being by circumstances partly laid open, the grief of this hath most power to do most harm to the health of the King.*

Queen. Not guilty.

Att. Your words and your performance are no kin.

Queen. Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble hearts: then would true nobleness
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
I do desire you do me right and justice,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now you have no cause.

Nor. You have here, lady,
Men, the elect o' th' land, who are assembled
To judge your cause. It shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Att. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that—without delay—these arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Crom. It is true I could have wished some abler person had begun, but it is a kind of order sometimes to

begin with the meanest. Nevertheless, thus much I say with modesty: in confutation I will not bend myself to Mr. Attorney's order, but pursue my own course, removing all evasions and subterfuges, which have been, or can be used, on the adverse part. Suffice it, that no material thing is objected but it shall be answered, what is of weight shall be expressly refuted, the others of less importance I will shake off in the course of my argument.

The law hath many grounds and positive learnings which are not of the highest rules of reason—which are *legum leges*—yet are learnings received, which the law hath set down, and will not have called in question. Yet with such maxims will the law dispense, rather than crimes and wrongs should be unpunished. You, madam, have misdemeaned yourself, toward the king first and then toward his laws: the deed was ill to spurn at your most royal husband and mock his workings. And touching this I will speak with modesty and under correction: First then, my lords, if any have conspired against the life of the king—which God have in His custody—or of the queen's majesty, or of the most noble princess, their daughter, the very compassing and inward imagination thereof is high treason, if it can be proved by any act that is overt: for in the case of so sudden, dark, pernicious, and peremptory attempts, it were too late for the law to take a blow before it gives, and this high treason of all other is most heinous, of which you shall inquire though I hope there be no cause.

There is another capital offence that hath an affinity with this, the violation of the honor of the king's wife, and thereof you shall inquire.

In treason there can be no prosecution but at the king's suit, and the king's pardon dischargeth.

In treason there can be no accessories but all are principals.

In treason no counsel is to be allowed the party.

In treason no witness shall be received upon oath for the party's justification.

These be the very words of the civil law which cannot be amended.

Queen. You know the law. Your exposition hath been most sound.

Att. Treason is a bar to the highest inheritance—the Kingdom of Heaven—yet the issue of this woman shall inherit the land.

Crom. I am of Mr. Attorney's mind, but in the meantime, without these far reaches, we should consider the perils imminent in the present estate, who see in this time the desperate humors of divers men in devising treason and conspiracies, who being such men that in the course of their ambition, or other furious apprehension, they make very small account of their proper lives.

Queen. Now for conspiracy, I know not how it tastes, though it be dished for me to try how. All I know of it is that these are honest men, which here you come to accuse.

Crom. For this new married man, whose salt imagination yet hath wronged your well defended honor—your brother—being criminal in double violation of sacred chastity and of promise-breach, the very mercy of the law cries out, death: for the intent and purpose of the law hath full relation to the penalty. Then, Lady Anne, thy fault is thus manifested, which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage: and so upon the whole matter I pray report be made to his majesty. For the court's obedience, which is the relative to the mandate of the king, I said in the beginning, the judges have ever been the principal examples of obedience to the king.

Queen. Their obedience was more absolute than the commandment. I do beseech your lordships that in this case of justice my accusers, be what they will, may stand forth face to face and freely urge against me. The king

hath thrown such despite and heavy terms upon me that true hearts cannot bear it. A beggar in his drink could not have laid such terms upon his callet. How comes this trick upon him? Heaven doth know if some eternal villain, some busy and insinuating rogue, some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office, have devised this slander.

Nor. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Queen. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him. Why should he call me that? Who keeps me company? what place? what time? what form? what likelihood? O fie upon them! Some such squire he was, some base, notorious knave and scurvy fellow, that turned the king's wit the seamy side without and made him to suspect me. O Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold! Is there no pity sitting in the clouds, that sees into the bottom of my grief?

Att. Speak within door, and call to mind your sinful fact committed.

Queen. If to preserve this vessel for my lord from any other foul, unlawful touch, be not to be such as my lord did say, I am none.

Att. Why did he so?

Queen. I do not know, I am sure I am none such—O God defend me how am I beset—what kind of catechizing call you this?

Att. To make you answer truly to your name.

Queen. Who can blot that name with any just reproach?

Att. Queen Anne, herself, can blot out Queen Anne's virtue.

Crom. Fain would I deem that false I find too true. It fell out that Henry Norris was entered into an unlawful love towards this lady, which went so far that it was secretly projected to compass the death of the king, and so proceed to a marriage with Norris. One of the lords, placed at her

chamber window saw afar off their amiable encounter—ay, did see her, hear her— (*Reads.*)

"*Norris.* Lady, farewell.

Queen. Farewell, sweet Norris, till we meet again. The heavens can witness I love none but you.

Nor. The king can not escape.

Queen. Ay, he shall die. Foreslow no time, sweet Norris.

Nor. Madam, stay.

Queen. No, Norris; I will to my lord the king. You know the king is so suspicious, as if he hear I have but talked with you, mine honor will be call'd in question, and therefore, gentle Norris, pray be gone.

Nor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you, but think of Norris as he doth deserve. (*Exit Norris.*)

Queen. So well hast thou deserved, sweet Henry Norris, as Anne, the queen, could live with thee forever."

Att. Confirmed, confirmed: O that is stronger made which was before barred up with ribs of iron!

Crom. Thus, pretty lady, I am sorry for thy much misgovernment. Behold how like a maid she blushes here. O what authority and show of truth can cunning sin cover itself withal! Comes not that blood as modest evidence to witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, all you that see her, that she were a maid by these exterior shows? Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty. Most foul, most fair, thou pure impiety and impious purity—

Kings. Why, how now, lady? Wherefore sink you down?

Crom. These things come thus to light smother her spirits up.

Att. Dost thou look up?

Kings. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Att. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing cry shame upon her? Could she here deny the story that is

printed in her blood? O she is fallen into a pit of ink, that the wide sea hath drops too few to wash her clean again, and salt too little which may season give to her foul, tainted flesh. Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left, is, that she will not add to her damnation a sin of perjury: she not denies it.

My Lords, the offence, wherewith I shall charge the offender at the bar, is of a high nature, tending to the defacing and scandal of justice in a great cause capital. The king, amongst his many princely virtues, is known to excel in the proper virtue of the imperial throne, which is justice. It is a royal virtue, which doth employ the other cardinal virtues in her service; and for this his majesty's virtue of justice, God hath raised an occasion, and erected as it were a stage or theater much to his honor for him to show it, and act it, in the pursuit of the untimely death of Queen Katherine, and therein cleansing the land from blood. For, my lords, if blood spilt pure doth cry to heaven in God's ears, much more blood defiled with poison. Before I descend unto the charge of these offenders, which I will couple together because they receive one joint answer, I will set before your lordships the weight of that which they have sought to impeach; speaking somewhat of the general crime of impoisonment, and then of the particular circumstances of this fact upon Queen Katherine; and thirdly and chiefly of the king's great and worthy care and carriage in this business.

Queen. Impoisonment? It is an offence, thanks be to God, neither of our country, nor of our church: you may find it in Rome or Italy. There is a region, or, perhaps, a religion for it. May never good betide my life, my lord, if once I dreamed upon this damnèd deed.

Crom. My lords, he is not the hunter alone that lets slip the dog upon the deer, but he that lodges the deer, or raises him, or puts him out, or he that sets a toil that he cannot escape.

Att. Impoisonment is an offense, my lords, that hath two spurs of offending: it is easily committed, and easily concealed. It is the arrow that flies by night. It discerns not whom it hits: for many times the poison is laid for one, and the other takes it. Therefore it was most gravely, and judiciously, and properly provided by that statute that impoisonment should be high treason.

But to come to this present case; the great frame of justice, my lords, in this present action, hath a vault, and it hath a stage: a vault wherein these works of darkness were contrived, and a stage with steps by which they were brought to light. Queen Katherine was murdered by poison. This foul and cruel murder did, for a time, cry secretly in the ears of God; but God gave no answer to it, otherwise than by that voice which sometime he useth—the speech of the people. For there went a murmur that the Queen was poisoned, and yet this same submiss and soft voice of God, the speech of the vulgar people, was not without a counter-tenor or counter-blast of the devil. When it came to the arraignment of Sir Francis Weston, he had his lesson to stand mute. Then followed the proceeding of justice against the other offenders, but all these being but the organs and instruments of this fact, the actors and not the authors, justice could not have been crowned without this last act against these great persons.

Now I will come to that which is principal, that is, his majesty's princely, yea, as I may truly term it, sacred proceeding in this cause.

First, the charge that his majesty gave to the commissioners in this case, worthy certainly to be written in letters of gold, wherein his majesty did forerank and make it his prime instruction that it should be carried without touch to any that were innocent. I see plainly that at the first, till farther light did break forth, his majesty was little moved with the first tale, which he vouchsafeth not so

much as the name of a tale, but calleth it a rumor—which is an headless tale.

As for the strength or resolution of his majesty's justice, I must tell your lordships plainly, I do not marvel to see kings thunder out justice in cases of treason, when they are touched themselves; but that a king should, contrary to the tide of his own affections, take such care of a cause of justice, is rare and worthy to be celebrated far and near. The king hath to his great honor showed to the world, as if it were written in a sunbeam, that he is truly the lieutenant of Him with whom there is no respect of persons; that his affections royal are above his affections private.

Now for the evidence against this lady, I am sorry I must rip it up. I shall first show you the purveyance or provisions of the poisons; that they were seven in number brought to this lady, and by her billeted and laid up till they might be used; and this done with an oath or vow of secrecy, which is like the Egyptian darkness, a gross and palpable darkness, that may be felt.

Secondly, I shall prove and observe unto you the cautions of these poisons; that they might not be too swift, lest the world should startle at it by the suddenness of the dispatch, but they must abide long in the body and work by degrees. For the nature of the proofs, your lordship must consider, that impoisonment of all offences is most secret; so secret as that if in all cases of impoisonment you should require testimony, you were as good proclaim impunity. Who could have impeached Livia, by testimony, of the poisoned figs upon the tree which her husband was wont to gather with his own hands? The cases are infinite, and need not be spoken of, of the secrecy of impoisonments; but wise triers must take upon them, in these secret cases, Solomon's spirit, that where there could be no witnesses, collected the act by the affection. Madam, the first head or proof thereof, is: that there was a root of bitterness, a

mortal malice or hatred, mixed with deep and bottomless fears that you had toward Queen Katherine and the Princess Mary.

And lastly, my lords, I shall show you the rewards of this impoisonment first demanded by Sir Francis Weston and denied because the deed was not done, but after the deed was done and perpetrated—that the queen was dead—then performed. Her proceeding herein is not by degrees and by stealth, but absolute and at once. But these things were not done in a corner. I need not speak of them. And so without farther aggravation of that which in itself bears its own tragedy, I will conclude with the confessions of this lady herself.

Queen. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony, on my part, no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty—mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powers Divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know—
Who least will seem to do so—my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy—which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a true and humble wife,
The mother of a hopeful princess, standing
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief—which I would spare: for honor,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To the conscience of the king to do me right.
Justice I do desire, but I have here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Sirs,
Have I, with all my full affections,
Still met the king? Lov'd him next Heav'n? obey'd him?
Been—out of fondness—superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
At all times to his will conformable?
Ever in fear to kindle his dislike,
Yea, subject to his countenance—glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd—and am I thus rewarded?
My lords, this is not well. When was the hour
I ever contradicted his desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of his friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd his anger, did I
Continue in my liking? Nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd. For Henry Norris—
With whom I am accus'd—I do confess
I lov'd him as in honor he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me: with a love even such,
So, and no other, as himself commanded,
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To him and toward his friend; but if one jot
Beyond the bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining, hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave.

Att. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Queen. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Att. You will not own it?

Queen. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. Here I kneel. (*She kneels.*)
My Lords,
The King's abus'd by some most villainous knave.
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them; or any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me. Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say—
It does abhor me now to speak the word;
To do the act, that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.
Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give me judgment. If I be condemn'd
Upon surmises—all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake—I tell you
'Tis rigor and not law.

The Dukes of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Exeter consult together. Northumberland leaves the court. Norfolk asks the several voices of every one of the Peers, and the Queen is pronounced guilty.

Norf. Stand forth Anne,
The Queen of England and our sovereign's wife.
God quit you in His mercy—hear your sentence:
Here on the Green you shall be burnt to ashes,
Or beheaded publicly for your offence,
Where and what time his majesty shall please.
This is the end of the charge. You, constable,
Take her from hence to prison back again,—
From thence unto the place of execution.

Queen. O Father, O Creator, Thou who art
The way, the truth, the life, Thou knowest all.
Thou knowest I have not deserv'd this death.
To Thee the book even of my secret soul
Is all unclasp'd: naught can be hid from Thee,
And Thou acknowledgest the upright in heart.

(*Silence.*)

My Lord,
Thy tongue pronounc'd the sentence of my ruth.
I will not cry against the rectorship
Of judgment—nay, I will not so presume—
I will not say withal that my opinions
Should be preferr'd, and yet, this judgment
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength.
But my integrity ne'er knew the crimes
That you do charge me with. I cannot pray,
God pardon sin that I have ne'er committed.
King Henry's faithful and anointed Queen am I,
His faithful wife, and loyal to my vows.
Disloyal? no: I'm punish'd for my truth:
So come my soul to bliss as I speak true.
But when I call to mind his gracious favors
Done to me, undeserving as I am—
How he did gild our bridal, make me rich
In titles, honor, and promotions—
Our crown and dignity, a Queen—

I must needs say I have a little fault:
I have not at all times alike preserv'd
A modest stillness and humility;
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That which I would discover I conceal'd
Indifferent well.
O husband, God doth know—
God is my witness—in no other way
Have I fail'd toward thee. In the hour of death,
I will confess no other. Life is grown
Too cheap in these times, for, my lords, 'tis set
At th' price of words, and every petty scorn
Can have no other reparation. Nay,
Think not I would prolong awhile my life,
Or that I'm rapt in spirit, and lay not
The honor of my chastity to heart:
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long—
Sweet lords, I've stood upon my chastity,
Upon my nuptial vow, my loyalty,
And I shall carry this unto my grave;
My constancy shall conquer death and shame.
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven:
What God hath won, that hath he fortified—
My faith.—O God, Thou teachest how to die!
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have Thy love, happy to die!

(*The Queen rises to her feet, and gathering up her robes, slowly leaves the Court.*)

Scena Septima.

Enter KING *and Huntsmen to a breakfast under a greenwood tree rising on a high level overlooking the Thames. Horses ready for the chase close by, and dogs held by men in livery of green and white.*

1. *Hunts.* But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt
to-day,
I'd to the Tower with all the haste I could
To view the execution.

2. *Hunts.* So say I.

King. I may truly say it is a novelty
To th' world.

3. *Hunts.* Right, so I say.

2. *Hunts.* So 'tis.

King. The executioners well-laboring sword
Will soon dispatch't.

1. *Hunts.* The time is very short.

King. And I am nothing slow to slack his haste,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd—
Now do you know the reason of this haste?

2. *Hunts.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
(*Speaking to himself.*)

King. It hastes our marriage with the Lady Jane,
That I must wed.

2. *Hunts.* I wonder at this haste.
Delay this marriage for a month, a week.

King. By my soul, bethink you: I'll not be forsworn.
Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.

2. *Hunts.* O God in heaven, how shall this be
prevented?

King. I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

2. *Hunts.* A poor knight's daughter is unequal odds.

3. *Hunts.* Not whom we will but whom his grace affects
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
Her peerless feature, joinèd with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king.
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king:
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is Jane Seymour, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me,
Jane Seymour shall be queen and none but she.

King. I feel such sharp dissensions in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.

1. *Hunts.* They set black streamers in the firmament.
(*Looking out toward the Tower.*)
An end, sir, to your business.

King. Well, well, 'tis done.

2. *Hunts.* 'Tis past, and yet it is not.

King. Now the pledge, now, now!
Farewell, fair Anne, one eye yet looks on thee,
But with the heart the other eye doth see.
Give me the cup: come on. (*A trumpet sounds.*)
The trumpet speaks,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
(*Report of a cannon.*)
The cannon to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
Now the king drinks to th' heir unto the crown.
The peace of England and our person's safety
Enforc'd us to this execution.

1. *Hunts.* All's done my lord.
King. It is.
1. *Hunts.* Why stay we then?
King. Go one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation is perform'd,
And, since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, let them go.
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
(*Horns. Shout. All start up.*)

Scena Octava.

Enter ARUNDEL *and two or three other Lords.*

1. *Lord.* My lord, do you hear the news?
2. *Lord.* What news, my lord?
1. *Lord.* Why man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm—my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?
Arun. From the lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.
1. *Lord.* I pray, let us see it.
(*Takes the note from Arundel.*)
What have we here? (*Reads the names.*)
Anne, Queen of England; George, Lord Rochford;
Sir Francis Weston, and Henry Norris, Gent.
2. *Lord.* The Queen is dead. Ah Queen, sweet Queen,
So full of ruth and pity to the poor.
1. *Lord.* The scourge to England and to English
dames.

Now triumphs England's Henry with his friends.
2. *Lord.* And triumphs uncontroll'd, unhappy chance!
All pomp in time must fade and grow to nothing:
Unconstant Fortune still will have her course.
My king, my king.
1. *Lord.* Yet grieve thou not her fall:
She was too base a spouse for such a prince.
Arun. What end hath treason but a sudden fall?
2. *Lord.* But yet methinks Anne's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
1. *Lord.* How ended she?
2. *Lord.* O rather muse than ask:
My heart doth rend to think upon the time.
Arun. She was as calm as virtue. She began:
"I come not friends to steal away your hearts,
For I have neither writ, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood. I only come to die.
I do beseech you all for charity,
If ever any malice in your hearts
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
I forgive all. It is the law condemns me:
There's naught hath pass'd but even with the law.
Commend me to the king: and if he speak
Of Anne, his hapless queen, I pray you tell him,
You met me half in heav'n: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years;
Ever belov'd and loving, may his rule be:
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument.
Tell him I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her,—
Beeseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him
Heaven knows how dearly. I thank you all: pray for me."
And there she kneels and prays in silent sort:
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

2. *Lord.* Immaculate devotion! Holy thoughts!

1. *Lord.* Heard you all this?

Arun. Mine ears were not at fault.

1. *Lord.* So? Have you done?

Arun. Her women with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd, and she spake:
"Farewell kind Margaret; Elizabeth,
A long farewell. Let not your sorrow die
Though I am dead." Then, "Executioner
Unsheathe thy sword."

1. *Lord.* What? Not the hangman's axe?

Arun. It was a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him to scorn,
Then with a downright blow her head was sever'd.

2. *Lord.* Peace to her soul if God's good pleasure be.
How more unfortunate than all living women!
'Tis clear that Henry with another woman
Had fall'n in love, before he fell in anger
With Anne. He is a man extremely prone
To loves and to suspicions—violent
In both e'en to blood shedding. And besides,
The criminal charge in which she was involv'd
Is quite improbable, and rests upon
The slenderest conjecture.

Arun. Anne, herself,
Made protestation just before her death,
A time not fit to fashion monstrous lies:
"The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute."
Ay, in the very hour that for the scaffold
She was preparing, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear,
She call'd to her one of the privy chamber
And said to him: "Commend me to the king,
And tell him that he hath been ever constant
In my advancement: from a gentlewoman
Without a title, made me marchioness,
Then rais'd me to be partner of his throne,
And now at last—because of earthly honor
No higher step remaineth—he vouchsafeth
To crown mine innocence with martyrdom."
Which words the messenger, indeed, durst not
Bear to the king, who now is in the heat
Of a new love: but Fame, truth's vindicator,
Shall to posterity transmit the message.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

LIST OF WORKS USED.

SHAKESPEARE.

Title.	(Abbreviation.)
All's Well that Ends Well	All's W.
Anthony and Cleopatra	A. & C.
As You Like It	A. Y. L. I.
Comedy of Errors	C. of E.
Coriolanus	Cor.
Cymbeline	Cym.
Hamlet	Ham.
Julius Cæsar	J. C.
King Henry IV. (I)	1 H. IV.
King Henry IV. (II)	2 H IV.
King Henry V	H. V.
King Henry VI. (I)	1 H. VI.
King Henry VI. (II)	2 H. VI.
King Henry VI. (III)	3 H. VI.
King Henry VIII	H. VIII.
King John	K. J.
King Lear	K. L.
King Richard II	R. II.
King Richard III	R. III.
Love's Labor's Lost	L. L. L.
Macbeth	Mac.
Measure for Measure	M. for M.
Merchant of Venice	M. of V.
Merry Wives of Windsor	M. W. of W.
Midsummer Night's Dream	M. N. D.
Much Ado about Nothing	M. Ado.
Othello	Oth.
Pericles	Per.
Romeo and Juliet	R. & J.
Sonnets	Son.
Taming of the Shrew	T. of S.
The Rape of Lucrece	Lucrece.
The Tempest	Tem.
Timon of Athens	T. of A.
Titus Andronicus	T. A.
Troilus and Cressida	T. & C.
Twelfth Night	T. N.
Two Gentlemen of Verona	T. G. of V.
Venus and Adonis	V. & A.
Winter's Tale	W. T.

GREENE.

James the Fourth	J. IV.
Menaphon	Men.
Morando	Mor.
Never too Late	N. too L.
Orlando Furioso	O. F.
The Pinner of Wakefield	P. of W.

PEELE.

Anglorum Feriæ	Ang. F.
Descensus Astrææ	De. Ast.
Device of the Pageant	D. of Pag.
Edward the First	Ed. I.
Merry Conceited Jests	Jests.
Polyhymnia	Pol.
Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes	Sir C. & Sir C.
Speeches to the Queen	Sp. to Q.
The Arraignment of Paris	A. of P.
The Battle of Alcazar	B. of A.
The Honor of the Garter	H. of G.

MARLOWE.

Edward the Second	Ed. II.
Hero and Leander	H. & L.
Tamburlaine the Great	T. the G.
The First Book of Lucan	Lucan.
The Jew of Malta	J. of M.

JONSON.

King's Entertainment	Ent.
The Masques	Masq.

BURTON.

The Anatomy of Melancholy, (I)	1 A. of M.
The Anatomy of Melancholy, (II)	2 A. of M.
The Anatomy of Melancholy, (III)	3 A. of M.

SPENSER.

A View of the Present State of Ireland	S. of I.
Hymn	Hymn.
Sonnets	Son.
The Fairy Queen	F. Q.
The Ruins of Time	R. of T.
The Tears of the Muses	T. of M.
Visions of the World's Vanity	V. of W. V.

BACON.

Advancement of Learning	A. of L.
Advice to the King	Ad. to K.
Advice to Villiers	Ad. to V.
Apothegms	Ap.
Case de Rege	C. de R.
Case of Impeachment of Waste	C. of Imp.
Case of Post Nati	Post Nati.
Case of Revocation of Uses	C. of Rev.
Charge upon Commissioners for the Verge	Ch. for Ver.
Charge against Countess of Somerset	Ch. *vs.* C. S.
Charge against Earl of Somerset	Ch. *vs.* E. S.
Charge against Wentworth *et al*	Ch. *vs.* Went.
Chudleigh's Case	Chud.
Church Controversies	Ch. Con.
Declarations of the Treasons of Essex	Dec. of T.
Essays	Ess.
Felicities of Elizabeth	Fel. of Eliz.
Gray's Inn Epistle	G. I. Ep.
History of King Henry the Seventh	H. VII.

Jurisdiction of the Marches	Juris. of M.
Laws of England	L. of Eng.
Maxims of the Laws	Max. of L.
Pacification of the Church	Pac. of C.
Praise of Elizabeth	Praise of E.
Prayers	Pray.
Speeches	Spee.
Union of the Laws	Union of L.

Editions to which references are given.

Shakespeare	First Folio (1623)
Shakespeare (not in folio)	Harness' Mod. Ed.
Greene, Peele, and Marlowe	Alexander Dyce
Jonson (Masques and Entertainments)	Folio (1616)
Burton	Shilleto
Spenser	R. Morris
Bacon	Spedding, Ellis, and Heath

REFERENCES.

The abbreviations, of which a list is given elsewhere, refer to the works from which the parts of the play were taken. Each page of the Tragedy is annotated consecutively as to names of works. When more than one extract from a work appears on the same page of the Tragedy, the name of the work is not repeated, but the other page notations are placed after the first notation of the work.

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SIR FRANCIS BACON'S

CIPHER STORY.

DISCOVERED AND DECIPHERED BY

ORVILLE W. OWEN, M. D.

(WORD CIPHER.)

Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story.

The series of deciphered writings from the Shakespearean Plays, the stage plays of Marlow, the works of Peele, Green, Spenser and Burton, has reached the sixth book, and others in process of translation. The character and scope of the matter so far deciphered, will be indicated by the following

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PREFACE.

In Book III of the Cipher Story, I took pleasure in acknowledging the aid of my assistants in the preparation of that volume. Their work had then demonstrated that the correct use of the Cipher could be acquired by others.

The present volume, Book V, is entirely their work, and until in print, I purposely refrained from reading or hearing read, any of this part of Bacon's Story of his Life in France. Miss Ollie E. Wheeler, extracted from the original Shakespeare Plays, from Bacon's acknowledged works, and those attributed to Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Spenser and Burton, the passages around the guides and numerous keys. Mrs. Elizabeth W. Gallup and Miss Kate E. Wells, have deciphered and woven these passages, by the rules of the Cipher, into the poetic form in which they are presented.

These ladies have also prepared the matter for Book VI, which will complete the account of Bacon's Life in France, and be issued shortly.

I congratulate my assistants upon their work, and the world, upon this unanswerable proof of the certainty of the Cipher system.

I also congratulate myself that whatever may happen, the important results of my ten years' study, will not be lost, and that the work I have undertaken, will not depend solely upon one life for successful completion.

ORVILLE W. OWEN.

Detroit, March, 1895.

INTRODUCTION.

The work of deciphering the literature, in which the Cipher of Sir Francis Bacon is found, reveals details of English history of wonderful interest, which only a participant in the events could record. Inwrought into this literature was hidden the "Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots," embracing Mary's attempts to gain the English crown, her trial, and her tragic end, written as a Play. This was published in December, 1894, and has been pronounced a masterpiece. Portions of it were found in every play attributed to Shakespeare, and in the writings of Spenser, Peele, Greene, Marlow, Burton, and Francis Bacon. Although a remarkable production, it is believed to be the first of Bacon's writings of historical drama in Cipher, and it is chiefly drawn from the earlier works and plays, before they were re-written and enlarged in 1608–17–23, incorporating later histories, and matters of profound philosophical significance.

This "Tragedy of Essex," obtained from the same sources, is a later production, and bears the impress of greater skill, more experience, and far more intense personal feeling. In it are interwoven most important passages of Bacon's own life. It explains Bacon's participation in the trial and conviction of Essex, who had been his benefactor, and the seeming ingratitude which has so long been thought a blot upon the fame of the Lord High Chancillor. It was a life for a life! Essex was foredoomed to death. The Queen sought excuse in law for the deed; her commands were imperative:—

> *Queen.* * * Robert Essex was
> A worthy officer i' th' wars, but insolent,
> O'er-come with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
> Self-loving, and affecting one sole throne,
> Without assistance.

In this book is found *the motive* for the Cipher, in the crushing by his mother, the Queen, of the youthful ambitions and aspirations of his broadening mind. Now we know why he was never permitted to leave England after his visit to France, and was kept within the circle of the Court, lest he enter upon a course which might sway the world and array the powers against the Queen.

"At twenty I was subdued to their yoke. * * * *
My mother learned that I wrote Hamlet
Prince of Denmark, and then I was lost."

The interview which followed this discovery, limited Bacon's opportunities for intellectual development, shattered his dream of wearing the royal purple, circumscribed the free scope of his vast intellect, and forced the hiding of its best work under masks and Cipher, only to be revealed to an amazed world three hundred years later.

What prouder flight of ambition's fancy, than that in which the boy appeals to the Queen, for liberty to follow a literary career.

* * * I am your son—I have not wings,
I am a creeping thing—but yet my thoughts
Do find me out: prophet-like, they speak to me
And champion me to the utterance. I will create
Strange Tragedies for mine eternal jewel,
And th' stately Thebe, who, amongst her nymphs
Doth overshine the gallantest dames of Rome,
Shall make the glistering of the noblest poets stale;
And I shall make the seeds of kings, to bandy
With renowned Warwick, who spake aloud:—
"What scourge for perjury can this dark monarchy
Afford false Clarence?" Aye, I hope to frame
The noble sister of Publicola
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle,
That, candied by the frost from purest snow
Hangs on Diana's temple, as she, with no crime
Defil'd, did wend among her peers; and make
The hard-hearted usurper, proud Macbeth,
Approach the field with warlike ensign spread,
To meet unnatural Tambourlaine;
And hoist aloft on Neptune's hideous hills,
He that of old did scorn fair Dido's arms:
In fair Bohemia I shall use my wings,
And speak of Perditæ and Florizell;
And of the bloody-minded Neapolitan queen,
Who led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust
Command an argosy to stem the waves;
Noble Titus and his sons, and gracious
Lavinia, rich ornament of Rome.
Shall speak to Hamlet of his father's foul
And most unnatural murder: and, if you be pleas'd
With this my sudden thought, and do applaud my choice,
Behold! Day, night, ride, time, work, play, I will, alone,
Advance you 'bove the measure of the jealous queen
Of heaven, and make posterity fall before you—
Our lovely, fair-fac'd Queen! I will, though hell

And, if I live, I will indeed, make you outstrip
The general curse of death, and live i' th' minds,
Voices, and hearts of all posterity.
I do beseech you, make not my device
A whip to beat me with.'

"The queen sat mute and dumb, whilst I did tell
This short tale, and unto her did give my hope."

"'Fool, I have heard this mangled tale. Hamlet's a prince
Out of thy star, and thou art not well skill'd enough
To prate of little Ned Plantagenet,
Clarence, Rivers, Vaughan, Hastings, and others,
And hadst thou power, my son, it is not fit
That thou shouldst point me forth, if it be so as I fear
Thou hast; thou playedst most foully to show the death
O' th' Danish King and Hamlet to my enemies.
* * * * * * *
Thou wilt not personate the lad Simon,
Who troubled Henry the Seventh! That king was
Improvident, but we have piec'd it better.
Thou wast taken out of thy cradle, convey'd away
In thine infancy, then thou wast brought up in court,
Where infinite eyes have been upon thee.
I have inly wept, but the case required that thou
Shouldst always live in grief: that heaviness
Is gone, my tears fall no more, because
It pleaseth God that we should rule this land;
Therefore cease, forbear thy intent! To tell
Our people of the factious times, when the House
Of Lancaster did fight the house of York, would give
To our proud adversaries in Ireland,
Strong bent to fight. And if thou put into their minds,
Margaret's battles, Warwick, Rivers, Henry, Edward
And Clarence, they, conceiving little of our deeds,
Will look upon us as Brutus did on Cæsar—
"The mighty monarch of the triple world:"—
And to further thine intent, these gentlemen,
In hatred of our birth, integrity,
And uprightness, will call thee, my son, to be
England's King. Shall we for love, let thee speak
Treason to our face?'

In deciphering this book, every Shakespearean Play, and the other masks—Greene, Peele, Spenser, Marlowe and Burton—all have given forth portions of this hidden history which has been so long and deeply buried within them.

The next volume will contain a continuation of Bacon's life in France, including the romance of his love for Queen Margaret, outlined in Romeo and Juliet, which names are used as masks for "Bacon" and "Margaret." This will be followed by the "TRAGEDY OF MY BROTHER, ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX," (son of Queen Elizabeth), which in the form of a play will give the inner history of the attempts of that most interesting character to gain the throne of England, and the part taken by Francis Bacon in defeating the conspiracy, and in the trial, final overthrow, and death of the Earl, his brother.

ORVILLE W. OWEN.

Synopsis of "The Historical Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots."

ACT I.—*Scene 1.*—Interview between Queen Elizabeth and Counsellor Francis Bacon. The Law of Treason. * * * Queen Elizabeth commands the presence of Leicester, who arranges to bring Mary to his house in London for an interview.

Scene 2.—Banquet room at house of Leicester. Leicester and Mary at banquet table. Queen Elizabeth secretly enters; hides behind statue. Mary proposes marriage to Leicester, they to be rulers of the French, English and Scottish realms. Elizabeth steps forth,

"*Doth Scotland make your Majesty our judge?*"

Mary in surprised alarm,

"*Alas, I am undone! It is the Queen.*"

Interview between Elizabeth and Mary; withdrawal of Elizabeth and Leicester.

ACT II.—*Scene 1.*—In front of Tower; time, midnight. Stormy interview between Queen Elizabeth and Leicester; the jealous Queen declares his banishment; thrusts him away and enters. Leicester in rage:

"*I'll empty all these veins, and shed my blood*
Drop by drop i' th' earth ere I will go!
Let my soul want mercy if I do not join
With Scotland, in her behalf."

Enter Francis Bacon, who counsels a different course. Leicester requests Bacon to plead for him to the Queen.

Scene 2.—Audience room of Palace. Bacon pleads for Leicester; calls upon himself the wrath of the Queen; takes leave.

"*No power I have to speak, I know.*
And so, farewell, I, and my griefs will go."

Enter Leicester; begs that he be not banished; Queen repents.

"*Restrain thy apprehension; I will lay trust upon thee,*
And thou shalt find I will preserve and love thee.
I have conferred on thee the commandment of mine army beyond the sea."

ACT III.—*Scene 1.*—Council Chamber of Palace. Lords seated at table; Queen on the throne; Elizabeth announces that Leicester is to command her armies in Ireland. Strongly opposed by the Lord Chancellor; Leicester accused of treason. The Queen overrules the council; makes him General and administers the oath.

Scene 2.—Council Chamber—twelve months later. Queen Elizabeth presents the treasons of Mary Queen of Scots; gives letter of commission for her trial.

ACT IV.—*Scene 1.*—Room in Fotheringay Castle; lords, knights, captains, lawyers and gentlemen in attendance. Queen Mary before the Court; notes the absence of the English Queen; demands her presence—Will be tried by her peers, and not by servants of lesser degree; Council show warrant. Mary denies the charges; so impresses and moves the Court that Chief Justice suddenly adjourns the Court to London, fearing that by her eloquence and beauty she be acquitted

Scene 2.—Room in Tower of London; Court convenes to convict Mary; Montague speaks strongly for her; members cry Guilty! guilty!

ACT V.—*Scene 1.*—Palace of the Queen, Elizabeth and train.

"*Q. E. Fie, what a slug is Warwick, he comes not*
To tell us whether they will that she shall die or no.
Ah! In good time here comes the sweating lord." (*Enter Warwick.*)

He announces the decision of "guilty." Enter Lords of Council; they present Elizabeth the warrant for Mary's death *She does not sign it.*

"*Q. E. My lord, I promise to note it cunningly;*
But here come the ambassadors of our brothers of France and Spain."

Enter ambassadors, who plead for the life of Mary.

Scene 2.—Street in London. Enter Burleigh and Secretary of the Queen (Davison); met by Leicester. All enter a public house.

Scene 3.—Private room; *Burleigh and Leicester* force the Secretary to forge the Queen's name to the warrant for Mary's execution.

Scene 4.—Chamber in Fotheringay Castle—Queen Mary and maids. Enter English Lords.

"*Q. M. Welcome, my lords.—Why do you come. Is't for my life?*
Lord Shrewsbury. 'Tis now midnight, and by eight tomorrow thou must be made immortal.
Q. M. How! My lord! Tomorrow? tomorrow! Oh! that's sudden.
Oh! this subdues me quite.
* * * *
Good, good my lord, if I must die tomorrow,
Let me have some reverend person
To advise, comfort and pray with me." (This is refused.)

Scene 5.—Hall of Fotheringay Castle, hung with black. Platform and block at end. English Lords and Gentlemen, executioner, and assistants.

Enter Queen Mary dressed in black and red velvet gown. The executioner assures her

"*I will be as speedy in your death as all the poisonous potions in the world,*
And you shall feel no pain."

Mary addresses the Lords, denies the charges, asserting that they shed innocent blood.

"*And if you tell the heavy story right,*
Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears,
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say it was a piteous deed to take me from
The world, and send my soul to heaven."
* * * *

(She kneels and prays):

"*Oh God, have mercy upon me, and receive my fainting soul again! Oh be thou merciful! And let our princely sister be satisfied with our true blood which, as Thou know'st, unjustly must be spilled! Oh God, send to me the water from the well of life, and by my death stop effusion of Christian blood and 'stablish quietness on every side! Let me be blessed for the peace I make. Amen.*" (Rises)

"*Farewell, sweet Lords; let's meet in heaven*
Good my Lord of Derby, lead me to the block."

(Speaks to Executioner.)

FINIS

PUBLISHER S NOTE.

The present volume, "The Tragical History of Our Late Brother, Earl of Essex," is published separately, out of its consecutive order, being complete in itself, and of the most thrilling interest and historical value, that it may be the earlier enjoyed as one of the marvels of literature, in advance of its appearance as a part of the later books of the series of Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Writings.

Like its immediate predecessor, "The Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots," it has been deciphered from the Shakespeare Plays, and other works of Bacon, by means of the Cipher system, discovered by Doctor Owen, through which the hidden histories are being brought to light.

In the first book of the "Cipher Story," issued in October, 1893, was the astounding statement that the great Chancillor was the son of Queen Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; and that Robert, Earl of Essex, was his brother. Corroboration of this is found in the recently published British "Dictionary of National Biography," Vol. 16, page 114, under the heading "Dudley:—

"Whatever were the Queen's relations with Dudley before his wife's death, they became closer after. It was reported that she was formally betrothed to him, and that she had secretly married him in Lord Pembroke's house, *and that she was a mother already.*"—*January, 1560–1.*

"In 1562 the reports that Elizabeth had children by Dudley were revived. One Robert Brooks, of Devizes, was sent to prison for publishing the slander, and seven years later a man named Marsham, of Norwich, was punished for the same offence."

This Tragedy confirms the statement.

The Comedy referred to in the Prologue is now being translated.

"The players that come forth, will to the life present
The pliant men that we as masks employ:
An excellent device to tell the plot,
And all our cipher practice to display."

HOWARD PUBLISHING CO.

March, 1895.

INTRODUCTION.

"It had bene a thing, we confess, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himself had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious imposters, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
(*London, 1623.*) HENRIE CONDELL."

Mankind may now echo the words of this introduction to the 1623 Edition of the Shakespeare Plays, with a broader meaning. The contents of this book have been as much a surprise to those who have deciphered it as it will be to the world.

That FRANCIS BACON should write portions of the "history of his father, his mother, and the Queen of Scots, as a Play, and mask it in Plays" to prove his authorship of them all, is an accomplishment such as the greatest admirers of that great genius could have thought hardly possible; but that in doing so he should conceal in the Cipher a Play so sustained, so dramatic, so powerful, so historically concise, as is the "Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots" here transcribed, marks a genius capable of unparalleled literary achievements.

Francis Bacon. O, I think not so. * *

Q. Villain! I'll set a point against thy breast.
If thou dost not use most dear employment
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew a hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O, begone! * *

F. B. To revenge is no valor, but to bear. * *
To be in anger, is impiety.

Q. But who is born that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power;
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One must prove greatest.

F. B. Believe this, Madam,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. * *

Q. I was not born to die on Essex' sword!
* * In the name o' th' people,
And in the power of us their Queen, we
Will push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
See, here in bloody lines we have set down
And what is written shall be executed;
Your brother is to die, as his offences
Are accounted to the law.

F. B. O your Grace,
Are not you then as cruel as the sentence?
I know no law, Madam, that answering
One foul wrong, lives but to act another.

Q. Be satisfied;
Your treacherous brother dies; be content.

F. B. Oh, it is excellent, your Majesty,
To have a giant's strength: but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Q. Peace, peace sir, peace.
Were I not the better part made of mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present, thou traitor.
* * Look to it, thou villain,
Thy life's dependent on thy brother's death.
Let our instruction to thee be thy guide,
Under penalty of thine own false head.

F. B. I do partly understand your meaning.

Q. Why then, go get thee home, thou fragment vile.
Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
'Tis death for death, a brother for a brother:
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.

The Prologue.

Scattered through the Shakespeare Plays are some of the most beautiful thoughts and poetic conceptions, which have become familiar household words. But they are fragmentary, and interpolated with, and surrounded by, irrelevant and incongruous matters, neither suggesting them, or by them suggested. The appearance of a ghost in Hamlet is inconsistent with

> The undiscovered country, from whose borne
> No traveller returns.

The Cipher gathers these fragments together in proper sequence, in the Prologue to this Tragedy of Essex, where they take the form of a soliloquy, embodying the deepest philosophy concerning things natural and spiritual, temporal and eternal. It is a retrospect, and a wail of remorse, as well as a speculation as to the future state. This wonderful Prologue can only be measured from the point of view of its author, Francis Bacon. Lost in reminiscence and contemplation, he weighs that destiny which has been beyond his control,

> Which hath the primal curse upon it, a brother's murder.

To the Seven Ages of Man, so well known as an epitome of human life, the Cipher adds another, which rounds out and finishes the story with the "exit," from human view, of all that is mortal.

> Last scene of all
> That ends this strange eventful history,
> The old man dies; and on the shoulders of his brethren
> To the heavy knolled bells is borne,
> In love and sacred pity, through the gates
> Of the holy edifice of stone, where all in white
> The goodly vicar meets them and doth say:—
> "I am the resurrection and the life;"
> And then doth mount the pulpit stairs and doth begin:—
> "O Lord have mercy on us wretched sinners!"
> The people answering cry as with one voice:—
> "O Lord have mercy on us wretched sinners!"
> Then through the narrow winding church-way paths,
> With weary task foredone, under the shade
> Of melancholy boughs, gently set down
> Their venerable burden, and from the presence
> Of the sun they lower him into the tomb,
> To sleep, perchance to dream; aye, there's th' rub,
> For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
> When we have shuffl'd off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause. To die, to sleep, to dream
No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. For in our graves,
After life's fitful fever, one sleeps well.

* * * * * * * * *

But for our conscience then, we'ld rear our hand
And play the Roman fool and die on our own sword:
We, with three inches of this obedient steel,
No better than the earth ourselves could make.
O what a sleep were this, if 'twere perpetual!
But there's a prohibition so divine
Against self-slaughter, in the Holy Scripture,
It cravens our weak hand and doth return
The sword obedient to the scabbard.

The decipherer can understand perhaps better than another, the feeling that the translated text lacks some of the qualities called Shakespearean. The Plays are full of ambiguous incongruities and obscure allusions that have the charm of mystery, and excite wonder at the genius, that from such distant and widely scattered sources could draw its inspiration. The commentators have failed to explain them. When, however these expressions are segregated, and rounded out by the additions which the Cipher brings from the other works, they become smooth, reasonable, and historically accurate, and the great thoughts of that great constructive genius, the author of them all, are presented in their primal form.

ORVILLE W. OWEN.

Detroit, February, 1895.

Synopsis of "The Tragical Historie of the Earl of Essex."

PROLOGUE.

ACT I.—*Scene 1.*—Horns and trumpets sound. Enter Queen Elizabeth with hounds and dogs, returning from hunt Queen and Huntsman. Enter Earl of Essex and Francis Bacon. Queen dismisses attendants. Essex announces insurrection in Ireland.

Scene 2.—Palace. Stormy discussion over assignment of commander of forces for Ireland. Queen to Essex: "*Take thou that.*" (Boxes his ears.) Essex assays to draw his sword; defies her and leaves in a rage. Queen relents, and sends the Admiral and Cecil to call him back.

Scene 3.—Cecil, Solus. Enter Essex; the quarrel and blow.

Scene 4.—Queen and Cecil. Prayer of the Queen:

"*I that never weep, now melt with woe,*
That my ungracious son doth hate me so."

Scene 5.—Lady Essex warns the Earl against Cecil. Bacon and Essex. Rival claims to the Crown.

ACT II.—*Scene 1.*—Elizabeth and Lords. Queen announces that Essex will go to Ireland. Dismisses all but Essex, to whom she promises,

"* * * * *The next degree shall be*
England's royal throne, for King of England
Shall you be proclaimed in every borough."

Scene 2.—Essex; outlines his puposes in Ireland.

Scene 3.—Essex and Bacon; farewell.

ACT III.—*Scene 1.*—Cecil tells the Queen that Essex is returning with an army.

Scene 2.—Elizabeth walks in her sleep. Her horrible dream. Queen and ladies in prayer.

Scene 3.—Bed chamber of Queen; noisy arrival of Essex. The Queen bids that he be admitted.

"*Bless thee, my blessed boy,*
* * *
Then, sir, withdraw, and in an hour return"

Ladies in waiting dress the Queen in handsome robes. Essex returns; Queen embraces him. He discourses of Ireland and claims the Dukedom of York. (*Exit.*) Enter Cecil, who frightens the Queen with false reasons for Essex's sudden return.

Scene 4.—Bacon tells Essex of Cecil's intrigues, and bids him fly to France. Enter Queen; Shows displeasure at Essex's return, and bids him go to his home.

ACT IV.—*Scene 1.*—Council Chamber. Queen informs Essex he must appear before the Council.

* * * *But if, sir,*
You be put in bondage, appeal to us,
And deliver us this ring. * * "

Essex before the Council. Insults Cecil.

Scene 2.—Essex commanded to close confinement in his house.

Scene 3.—Quarrels with his brother Francis Bacon.

Scene 4.—Queen and Bacon. Bacon pleads for Essex. Interrupted by news of Essex's revolt.

Scene 5.—Gate of Essex's House. Lords demand his surrender; Essex's soldiers surround and take them away.

Scene 6.—Street in London. Essex endeavors to incite the mob to burn and plunder.

Scene 7.—Front of Essex's House—Essex on walls. Alarms and clash of arms. Summoned to parley; descends; is arrested and conveyed to the Tower.

Scene 8.—Palace.

Queen. "*Where is the Earl?*"
Cecil. "*In the Tower, Your Grace.*"

ACT V.—*Scene 1.*—Order for the trial of Essex.

Scene 2.—Queen and Francis Bacon; plea for pardon of Essex.

Queen. "*Your treacherous brother dies!* * *
* * * * * *
Thy life's dependent on thy brother's death.
Let our instruction to thee be thy guide,
Under the penalty of thine own false head.
* * * * * *
Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
'Tis death for death, a brother for a brother;
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure."

Scene 3.—Star Chamber. Trial of Essex. He denounces Cecil. Essex condemned to execution.

Scene 4.—Streets of London. Essex under guard; axe, edge toward him; led to dungeon.

Scene 5.—Garden of Palace. Lady Essex and child before the Queen; pleads for Essex's life. Francis Bacon supports her and supplicates the Queen, without result.

Queen, * * "*I'll see that he*
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning."

Scene 6.—Dungeon.

Essex. "*No bending knee will call me Cæsar now,*" (Enter Bacon.)
O thou damn'd cur;
Whom to call brother would infect my mouth,
Get thee gone, thou most wicked sir!
* * * * *
Bacon. "*Is it my fault that I was forced to plead?*
How much thou wrongst me, Heaven be my judge."

Essex upbraids him with sharpest scorn. Enter Lord Keeper; commands Bacon to depart; gives commission to jailor. Jailors bind Essex in a chair; show him the order.

"*Must you with hot irons burn out both my eyes?*
* * * * * *
Cut out my tongue so that I may still keep
Both mine eyes." (Jailor tears out one eye, then the other.)
"*All dark and comfortless!*
God enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act!"
Jailor. "*Away with him! lead him to the block!*"

SPENSER.

"Spenser's 'Shepheardes Calender' was in its day a book of great interest, not only because it made the world acquainted with 'the new poet,' but also because it contained allusions to personages of distinction well known, and to circumstances familiar to everybody. From 1579–97, in a space of eighteen years, it passed through five different editions.

In our days the little book is still interesting, but for other reasons. Firstly, as the earliest work of importance by the writer of 'The Faerie Queen.' Secondly, because, as Dean Church in his 'Life of Spenser' appropriately observes, it marks a 'turning-point' in the history of English literature; twenty years had passed since the publication of Tottel's Miscellany, and the appearance of the 'Shepheardes Calender' gave a new impulse to English Poetry. Thirdly, from the mysterious circumstances connected with its publication."

The following are some of the "mysterious circumstances": On December 5th, 1579, "The Shepheardes Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall, under the name of Hugh Singleton, according to the following transcript:

> Hughe Singleton; Lycenced unto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij eclogues proportionable to the xij monethes—vjd.

Neither in the entry nor on title page is the author's name mentioned, but on its *verso* some dedicatory verses are signed "Immerito."

This edition is dedicated, or "Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentlemen, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chevalrie, M. Philip Sidney." "Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere unto Ludgate at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde."

Four copies of this edition are known to exist:—

1. No. 11,532 of the Grenville collection of the British Museum.
2. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford.
3. No. 293 Capell, T. 9, in Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.
4. No. 427 of the Huth Library.

The next four editions are published by John Harrison the younger, to whom Hugh Singleton assigned the book as follows:

> 29 October [1581]
> John harrison: Assigned over from hugh Singleton to have the shepardes callender, which was hughe Singleton's copie.—vjd.

The second edition was "Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison the younger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to bee solde. 1581." This second edition is olso dedicated to Philip Sidney. It is rare, but found in the Grenville Collection, in the Bodleian, Trinity College, and Huth Libraries.

The third edition was "Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker. 1586."

The fourth edition was "Printed by John Windet for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, etc. 1591."

The fifth edition was "Printed by Thomas Creede for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anchor, etc. 1597."

In 1611, together with some other poems, the Shepheardes Calender appeared for the first time with the poet's name attached to it; this volume has the title: The Faerie Queen: The Shepheards Calendar; Together with the other works of England's Arch-Poet, Edm. Spenser. ¶ Collected into one Volume and carefully corrected. Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611, fol. This volume is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth thus: To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Emperesse, Renouned for Pietie, Vertue, and all Gracious Government: Elizabeth, By the Grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia: Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most humble Servaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to live with the eternitie of her Fame.

Spenser returned to England (1598) a ruined, heart-broken man, and died in the January following, *twelve years before the book was attributed to his authorship*, and the above dedication to Queen Elizabeth.

By what authority is this book claimed for Spenser.

The following lines are from the dedicatory verses of the first edition.

Goe little booke: thyselfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent:
* * * * *
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past jeopardee,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:
And I will send more after thee.

Immerito.

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